The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Rev Dr E V Gerhart
31 Dec 78

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Poetry.

JAPAN.

Beyond the sea, the western sea,
Behold a hand is beckoning me—
An outstretched hand, a pierced hand,
Which yet shall all this world command.
O faith's profoundest mystery,
The hope of coming victory
Through love's divinest majesty!

From o'er the sea, the western sea,
I hear a voice that speaks to me;
A nation rises from its sleep,
Its eyes are straining o'er the deep
To catch the gleam of coming day;
O far away—far, far away—
Yet swiftly dawns that gladdening ray!

That island empire yet shall be
The Britain of the Asian sea,
A Christian kingdom, free and great,
On which Cathayan lands shall wait,
From thence to gather faith and love.
Speed on before! O evermore,
Immanuel's banner, speed before!

Beyond the sea, the western sea,
An arduous task is waiting me,
And yet a labor of delight;
There ever, in my Saviour's sight,
To scatter darkness, and to bring
Thy light to those, my God, my King,
Who evermore Thy praise shall sing.

—*Churchman.*

Communications.

For the Messenger.

THE SUPPLY AND THE DEMAND.*

The close of the year in our Eastern theological seminaries suggests the question, whether the supply of ministers is not becoming greater than the demand. Some years ago there may have been a necessity for increasing the number of candidates for the ministry, and while that was the case, an apparently valid reason might perhaps have been urged for keeping *three* theological schools going instead of one. But however that may be, it seems very evident that, if these schools go on turning out ministers at the present rate, some of them will most likely be without fields of labor for years to come. The class at Lancaster this year was unusually small as compared with a number of years past, containing only *seven* members. And yet, if to these be added *eight* from Ursinus, and say *six* from Mercersburg, we get *twenty-one*. Where are they all to find charges? And where are the classes coming after them for the next three or four years to find fields of labor?

It may seem strange to raise such a question, and much might no doubt be said to show, that the more ministers the better for the Church. It might also be urged, that the call to the ministry is quite too sacred to be brought under such inquiry and calculation. But we find this matter subject to human laws and human reasons, as well as to the Divine call. There will necessarily be more young men prepared for the ministry in three seminaries than in one, because each will labor to keep up its numbers. The result, therefore, depends somewhat at least upon human effort. The question then arises, does the Church need three theological schools in the East at the present time? If they are kept going with any spirit and success, it is clear that there will soon be a good many more ministers than charges.

But as the Church does not seem to have full control over this matter, at least since the decision of the General Synod at Cincinnati, the question may suggest some other solution of the difficulty. If the large supply must be kept up, or will be kept up, then it seems to be due to the young men who are urged to offer their services in the ministry, that a greater demand should be created in some way. How can this be done? It might be said, let the young men be thrown upon their own resources and find or make fields for themselves. To some extent this may be done, but when it is carried too far, it encourages a spirit of place-hunting which may not be just in accordance with the character of the holy office. It certainly does not look well, when a vacancy occurs in a charge, to see from *twelve* to *eighteen* eager candidates pressing their claims to obtain it.

We would suggest another method. Let the interest of the Church be concentrated on the work of missions, and let her benevolent funds, for a time at least, be devoted mainly to this work. There is much, very much, to be done in extending the Church in new sections, especially in the West. If the funds are at hand, the young men are ready to go forth and perform missionary labor. Something could be done in this direction by young men possessing the right spirit without pecuniary help, but in order to give proper success to the work, the Church must provide funds. If the right spirit and zeal were present, the amount raised yearly for the cause of missions could easily be doubled, and all our young men could soon be provided with fields of labor. The West and the South are both open, inviting and urging the extension of our Church.

Then, in addition to this, we suggest, that the movement for dividing the large charges be pressed forward. That also would help in locating ministers, and prove a blessing, at the same time, to the churches. We would not advocate rash or radical measures. This is a matter that requires great prudence. But in a reasonable and prudent way let the effort be continued. If there is any Providence in the increase of theological schools among us, perhaps it may be found here, viz., a challenge to the Church to extend its territory, and go in and possess the land. We throw out these few practical suggestions for what they are worth. Perhaps they may call out wiser and better thoughts in reference to the general subject, and if such should be the case, we will gladly modify our views where they are at fault.

X.

* This article was intended for publication some time ago, but it is *apropos* still.

For The Messenger.

PROTESTANT CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

No loyal Protestant, certainly, will turn apologist for ecclesiastical discipline as it has place in the Roman branch of the Church. All are ready to deprecate and denounce the system as it prevails there, as being in the highest measure tyrannical, and as, of necessity, defeating its own purpose. Because it seizes hold upon the conscience with a grasp so sure, and a purpose so relentless, that the Roman Christian amounts to very little more, in the end, than a curious piece of animated mechanism, acted upon and set in motion by an agency, reaching in upon it, in a sense, from abroad altogether. The individual is, in fact, stricken from the account outright, practically, in the overmastering presence of the Church, as she enforces the claim of absolute jurisdiction. On the one side are *authority and mandate*, with the displayed penalty of reprobation for insubordination. On the other side is *submission*, with abject servility.

All this is sufficiently degrading, as viewed from the native dignity of the Christian individuality, and must effectually prevent all onward movement of the spiritual life in the Church, in anything like its proper, healthful flow.

This spiritual subjugation, as it may be called, became one of the moving causes of the great Reformation, and so, one of the crying evils sought to be corrected in that matchless outbreak of the repressed spiritual life of the age. Has Protestantism succeeded, or failed, in the attempt to emancipate the individual from the ignoble thraldom, and set him over against the general fact of church authority, outlined in his proper distinction? Does the individual Christian person in Protestantism, in the substantial and practical sense, hold the normal attitude to the Church as this is a legal constitution, claiming and exercising the spiritual jurisdiction of the kingdom of heaven?

Any one can see that the overthrow of the Papacy, involved in itself the emancipation of the conscience-bound spirit from the fetters of Romish superstition, and the dispelling of the muttering thunder-cloud of the Vatican, as a spiritual illusion, pretty much after the order of the breaking bolts of the Capitoline Jupiter himself. His holiness has plainly enough been unseated from the vice-regal throne, and the iron sceptre of an unprecedented spiritual usurpation has been wrested from the tenacious grasp and replaced by the broken reed of impotent rage. But then, this stupendous enfranchisement from servility, the most fatal to the crowning glory of Christian manhood, it is feared, is too apt to satisfy the hostile zeal of partizan bigotry, which enters every historical reformatory movement, it would appear, as a sort of self-destructive momentum.

Protestantism could not, in the nature of the case, resolve the problem of ecclesiastical discipline in all respects fully, and set the individual, with any accuracy, in right relation to it. To look for such thorough-going correction were absurd. To urge the claim of its accomplishment were but little short, under all the circumstances, of the assumption of the very infallibility, denied to Rome. The claim of such perfection, in this regard, would indeed tend to invalidate the legitimacy of the Reformation itself, as a proper child of the truth, and stamp it with the ignominy of bastardy outright. For, the principle of reformation among men must ever charge the *present* existence of insufficiency and error, and bear in itself *avowed* short-comings of the same sort for the future. No oppositional movement, like the Reformation, that must make good its pretensions through conflict, is competent to hold itself under full control, so as to restrict itself at all points along the course within just bounds, and settle itself, at last, in complete symmetry of proportion—without distortion of form in any one particular. If the ancients, with justice, designated anger as a "short madness," then must partizan zeal take rank as something akin. It carries in itself, if not a "short," at least a *partial* suspension of the judgment. The well ascertained principle is here fully illustrated, that moral and spiritual forces, called into play under the circumstances of the present consideration, invariably vibrate from boundary to boundary—that a movement from an extreme of this sort will not stop short of the contrary extreme. It might have been confidently expected from the start, that the breaking away of the iron-bound system of Papal discipline, which had, for ages together, held the individual in spiritual enthrallment, could find its justification only under color of a necessary evil; for, it must prove, in the end, a sort of vandalism (inevitable in every revolution), whose ruthless ravages would be traced for many ages among the divinely sculptured appointments of the beautiful temple of the Most High. The Reformers could not have been expected to remodel the image, defaced, deformed and mutilated by Papal handicraft, and restore its primitive symmetry and beauty. They did what might have been anticipated. They broke it. In other words, the Reformation, so far as it was made an engine of destruction, broke in pieces and reduced to chaos, largely, church discipline as it found it existing. Because, for reasons already stated, the attention of the Reformers was mainly directed upon the abuses of the system, and these swelled into magnified proportions in the distempered judgment of party conflict, almost eclipsing the necessary and the good of the system which they combated. Nor could the Reformers have been expected to form a complete system of discipline for the adoption of infant Protestantism. Such a system would have been mechanical, if at all possible to have been constructed, and must have utterly failed of its purpose. What was needed to follow the destruction of the Reformation was the orderly unfolding and growth of discipline in the life of renovated Christianity, after the pattern of its evolution in the bosom of the primitive Church itself. The violent removal of the unwarranted restraints of the Papacy must needs have given undue freedom to the individual Christian, but then, the existence of ecclesiastical libertinism as an established fact, claiming a proper legitimacy, must be looked upon and deprecated as an evil, second in its fateful results only to Roman discipline itself.

REX.

Selected.

THE ALCOTT CASE.

BY PROF. FRANCIS L. PATTON, DD., LL D.

The recent action of the Presbytery of Wooster involves the consideration of three questions, which in justice to that judicatory and for the sake of the general interests of the Church, which are affected by its decision, should be kept separate.

I. Mr. Alcott asked his Presbytery the colorless question whether a Presbyterian minister might preach the doctrine of an unlimited atonement; and the Presbytery, in virtue of the power residing in it to resolve questions of doctrine "seriously and reasonably proposed," entered upon a consideration of the question by referring it to a committee. There can be no doubt that the Presbytery had a right to take this course. It had a right to say, if that was its opinion, that a Presbyterian minister may not preach an unlimited atonement; and Mr. Alcott or any dissenting member of the Presbytery had his remedy in a complaint to the Synod, and thence, in the event of an adverse decision, to the General Assembly.

But, with all respect to the Presbytery of Wooster and with great deference to the opinions of such men as Dr. McCurdy and Dr. Robinson, it may reasonably be asked whether (inasmuch as it did not appear upon the face of Mr. Alcott's overture, that he had the slightest personal interest in the question propounded) it would not have been better for the Presbytery to have confined its attention to Mr. Alcott's statement of his personal beliefs, and declined to consider the question proposed in the overture. The Presbytery is not to be blamed for not anticipating the misapprehensions to which its action was to give rise; and it is not improbable that its members have already seen that these misapprehensions would have been avoided had the course which is here suggested been adopted. There are, however, good reasons for discouraging the practice of dealing with doctrinal questions *in thesi*; and it is to be regretted that our Church courts are not more unwilling than they seem to be to entertain them.

1. A man may have no other interest in a matter than a desire to frame a test question. To encourage men in propounding such questions is simply to put it in the power of curious and litigious persons to keep the Church in hot water.

2. A church court allows itself to be needlessly placed in an awkward position, by undertaking to answer questions which refer only to possible cases. Some questions are hard enough when they are forced upon judicatories in cases of "actual process," and there is no need of crossing these ecclesiastical bridges before we come to them.

3. Decisions *in thesi* are apt, having no personal application, to be hastily made; and when erroneously made, stand little chance of correction in a higher court, because no one is likely to feel interested enough to prosecute an appeal.

4. It is generally safe to assume that the Westminster Symbols are sufficiently explicit for the purpose which they were designed to serve; and when neither the Scriptures nor the Standards, as interpreting the Scriptures, are explicit, it is safe to allow liberty of individual opinion.

II. While the Presbytery was considering the overtures submitted by Mr. Alcott, that gentleman made a statement of his views, in which it was manifest, that, so far from being a Calvinist, he was an out-and-out Arminian. This is an entirely different matter. Instead of asking Presbytery an abstract question, he virtually said: "Brethren, these are my views. Holding them, can I remain in good and regular standing as a member of this Presbytery? If I cannot, please drop my name from your roll."

Presbytery had here no discretion. It was bound to act; and the questions which emerge in commenting upon its act are these: (1.) Did Presbytery decide correctly regarding Mr. Alcott's right to a place in the Presbyterian Church? (2.) Did Presbytery act consititutionally in dropping his name from the roll without trial and without censure?

It can hardly be doubted, that the Presbytery was right in concluding, that Mr. Alcott was not in his proper place in the Presbyterian Church. No latitude of construction will allow a man to say honestly, that he adopts the Confession of Faith as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Word of God, if he is an Arminian. An Arminian is not a Calvinist; and no one but a Calvinist can honestly subscribe to the Westminster theology. But there may be room for the inquiry, whether Presbytery did right in dropping Mr. Alcott's name at his request. There is no provision for this in our Book of Discipline, and the practice has been repeatedly condemned by the General Assembly. And yet the method of the Presbytery of Wooster, which allows a minister, whose evangelical character is above suspicion quietly to drop out of our ranks, without affixing to his name the stigma of ecclesiastical censure, would meet with hearty approval on the part of a great many, if not the majority, of the ministers and elders in our Church. The Presbytery, moreover, can plead in behalf of its action the specific recommendations of the Assembly of 1878 ("Minutes," p. 99).

III. But the greatest interest which has been felt in the action of the Wooster Presbytery, grows out of the relation which it sustains to the future of the reunited Presbyterian Church. The reunion, it is hardly necessary to say, was effected on the basis of the "Standards," "pure and simple." This fact is made the more emphatic by the failure of the contracting parties to adopt the "Gurley amendment," which was intended to guarantee certain liberties in the united Church, which had been allowed in the two Churches respectively prior to their union. There may have been tacit understandings; there probably were; but there are no authoritative interpreters of these understandings, or there will be none in a few years, and it will be unfortunate for the future of our Church if its unity can be preserved only by using the *in terrorem* argument, to which men are growing accustomed and, it may be added, indifferent. Moreover, it would plainly be to the discredit of a great Church like ours, if it were not able to refer to some generally accepted principles in determining the area of tolerated divergence of individual belief on the part of our ministers and elders.

The Churches united on the basis of the Westminster Symbols. Is any divergence from the teaching of these Symbols to be tolerated? The terms of reunion do not settle this question; yet it will be answered: "Yes; for, as a matter of fact, men are allowed to live in the undisturbed enjoyment of opinions that are contrary to the teaching of the Confession of Faith." Or, again, appeal may be made to a certain "tacit understanding," and it may be said: "We do not subscribe *in ipsissimis verbis* to the Westminster Symbols. But, after all, the matter has not been tested. Individuals may have their views, and it may be easy to anticipate what the action of the General Assembly would be if a judicial case involving this question were forensically before it. Such a question, however, has not yet been presented.

Assuming now (for it is safe to assume) that the *ipsissima verba* mode of subscription to the Westminster Symbols is not required of our ministers, the question then arises: What is the area of tolerated divergence from the Standards? The men who in our Church to-day are notably expressing these divergences, may with some qualification be considered as staking out the metes and bounds of this area of toleration. It is not likely that any would be prosecuted for heresy, because he held the doctrine of mediate imputation, or maintained the lawfulness of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, or advocated the doctrine of the premillennial advent. And the reason for tolerating these divergencies from the Westminster Symbols would probably be, that these views may be held without destroying the integrity of the Calvinistic system. Nor must it be forgotten, when considering this subject, that the Book of Discipline enjoins upon Church courts, in dealing with questions of heresy, to consider whether errors are such "as strike at the vitals of religion and are industriously spread, or whether they arise from weakness of the human understanding and are not likely to do much injury." To this extent the ecclesiastical law, like the civil law, looks *in favorem vitæ*. The General Assembly must and will decide, in each case judiciously presented to its notice, what is and what is not a heresy that "infers deposition;" and, in reaching its conclusion, it will probably be influenced both by the caution just quoted from the Book of Discipline and also by a determination to conserve the integrity of that system of doctrine which constitutes the *raison d'etre* of the denomination. Should the question regarding an unlimited atonement ever come before the General Assembly in a judicial case, it will probably be stated in a more tangible and unambiguous form, than that in which it appears in the overture submitted by Mr. Alcott to his presbytery. There are theories of an unlimited atonement which are anti-Calvinistic, and which, it is safe to say, will not be tolerated in the Presbyterian Church. But there is a theory of the Divine decrees which—as distinguished from Supralapsarianism and Sublapsarianism—may properly be called Infralapsarianism, which Dr. Hodge calls Hypothetical Universalism, which is commonly known as the French view or that of Saumur; and this theory is not necessarily anti-Calvinistic, although it does proclaim the doctrine of a general or unlimited atonement.

The advocates of this view hold, as do the advocates of the two views before quoted, that election is (*a*) of individuals, (*b*) to everlasting life, and (*c*) out of the mere good pleasure of God. Saving faith is God's gift, and it is granted to whom He please. It is possible that a General Assembly would decide that one who believes infra-, rather in sub- or supralapsarianism, is not a Calvinist and not entitled to standing in the Presbyterian Church. But it is extremely improbable.—*Independent.*

Family Reading.

AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

BY ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D. D.

Buttercups and daisies,
Silver threads and gold,
In and out the green grass
Of the meadows old.
Sown by—who hath sown them?
Who may have a care?
God Himself did sow them
In His garden fair.

Garniture right radiant,
Over hill and dale,
Specks of golden sunshine,
Points of moonlight pale.
King-cups with their gold rims,
Stars that fell in showers,
Where flit by the bird wings,
Over grass and flowers.

Then the earth is winsome
As she were a bride,
When their eyelids open
In the sweet springtide.
Broidery of beauty
For the eyes of God,
Delicately woven
Over the brown clod.

Like as doth God's spring-breath
Breathe fair life and bloom
Over frozen meadows,
Locked in winter's tomb;
So might God's own Spirit
Breathe His life in me,
Dull and sere heart hiding
With love's broidery.

—*S. S. Times.*

THE SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

When kings and emperors quarrel, it is the people who suffer most. The gutted homestead, the blazing stack-yards, and the trampled vintage grounds are the peasants' loss, and upon them the brunt of battle usually falls. Wellington, the great general, once said that, "next to a defeat, a victory was the most disastrous thing which could befall an army." And he was right. The triumph may humiliate one leader and elevate another; but the bitter anguish, the gaping wounds, and the terrible death, fall to the lot of the rank and file on either side. The victor may unfurl his flags and beat his drums; but such things will not make bloody battles humane or right, neither will they remove one pang from the sufferers, or give back the lost light to the eye of the pain-distorted dead.

When the emperor of France quarreled with Germany, a few years ago, and the fiat went forth that two great nations were to take up arms against each other, Karl Steinmair was one of the first summoned to the field. He had been married four years, and a boy of three summers brightened his home. But what of that? There was, apparently, no alternative but that he should buckle on his arms and go forth to fight, and Karl obeyed.

His aged mother lived with him, and in her care, with a prayer that God would shelter them, he left his wife and child. At the last moment, he took his wife in his arms and kissed her upon the forehead; then stooped down and held his child to his bosom with a passionate clasp. His heart was too full to speak, the sobs of his wife choked her utterance, and so they parted without a word. But he beckoned his mother aside and gave her his last request. "Mother, darling," he said, "I am called away to fight the enemy; to die perhaps upon the battle-field. I do not know if it is wrong to complain, but I feel it sorely. With yourself and Freda and our little farm, I was well content, and asked no more; but I am called; the emperors have quarreled, and the people of both nations must fight. So be it; I will go."

"My poor boy!" sobbed the mother.

"I carry in my heart," continued Karl, driving back his tears, "something which will support me in the darkest hour. It is the blessed hope of eternal life through the merits of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; the hope planted there by the Holy Spirit, and which you, from my infancy, sought to instil. By the grace of God, that hope, I trust, will carry me through all; and if I die, be you the helper and comforter of my Freda. If I live, we shall meet again; if I fall, our meeting will, I trust, be in a brighter and happier land. Farewell."

Then, with a tender love and reverence, he folded his mother in his arms, kissed her, and turned away, carrying with him upon his belt, a mother's tear, the brightest jewel that man could bear.

Karl was gone, and the little farm-house was sad and lonely. He had been its prop and stay, the tender ruler in the homely household, and at every turn they missed the broad, well-built figure, and listened in vain for the music of his voice. His absence turned that home of happiness into a house of mourning.

The little farm was far away in the north of Prussia, many miles from the great towns, and postal deliveries were very rare; but they received one short note from him, full of love and tenderness, and then heard from him no more. Karl did not say that he had been ordered to the front, but such was indeed the case, and this stopped all communication between him and the dear ones at home.

If letters were not delivered at the farm, there was no lack of news, for every tongue was busy with the war. The first defeat of the French sent one great throb of ecstacy through Germany, from south to north. "The invader is driven back," was the cry, "and we shall march through France." So said the neighbors, who had none of their dear ones upon the battle-field; but Karl's mother and wife had very different thoughts upon the subject. They knew that no victory was ever won without being paid for by ghastly wounds, and manly forms stretched out in death, and, while others shouted out their glee, and madly drank to the army, they knelt and prayed for the safety of their beloved one.

The weeks rolled on, and every day brought the tidings of another victory, but no news of Karl.

There were times when they could not help feeling a little of the general exultation; the enemy had been defeated and driven back, and their fatherland was saved; but this always gave way to a loving apprehension for the safety of Karl.

But the signs of the bitterness of war were not long wanting. One day a wagon passed through the village, bearing a dozen men to a convalescent home established a few miles further on. Freda took her little boy in her arms and went down to see them. She looked at the pallid faces and bandaged foreheads, and, finding nothing like her Karl among them, lifted up her heart in gratitude to her God. Ere she turned away she asked them if they knew anything of Karl; but they were men from another part of the country, and belonged to another regiment, and, therefore, knew nothing about him; but one of them said that there was a long train of wounded coming up, and he might be among them, or she might hear of him there.

In two days this train arrived—about thirty wagons of maimed and ghastly objects, bearing record of the "glory of war."

One of the wounded was left at the village near Karl's farm. It was Fritz Wayeling, the brother of a corn-dealer who had been wounded at Sedan. He carried an arm in a sling; otherwise he was very little the worse for the rough life he had endured.

Freda was telling her child to put away his toys and prepare, for bed, when the door opened, and Fritz Wayeling entered. The wife looked up with a startled expression upon her face, and Karl's mother clasped her hands over her apron to still their tremulous motion, and then stood quietly by the table.

"I dare say you have forgotten me," said Fritz, "for I have been away some time; but I am Fritz Wayeling, and I belong to the same regiment as your husband, Karl Steinmair."

"I know you now," returned Freda, "but tell me, do you come from Karl?"

"I bring a message from him," was the reply.

He paused and put his unwounded hand into his breast pocket, and, holding it there while speaking, went on:

"Karl and I," he said "were comrades. I was the next man, and rode beside him, and together we went through the battle-fields of Worth, Gravelotte and Sedan. I shall not stay to give you an account of these great battles, as I must talk of Karl. A portion of our troop was told off to scout, and just as the sun was rising, we came upon a number of Francstireurs, in ambush. They poured upon us a most deadly fire—and—and Karl fell."

The clasped hands of the mother trembled, and Freda, leaning forward, planted her eyes upon the speaker, keeping in a fixed position until the story was done.

"I was wounded at the same time," continued Fritz; "but it was so slight that I did not notice it then, although the wound has troubled me a good deal since; but that is not to the point. I must speak of Karl. As he fell, the tide of battle (for we engaged at once) surged over him, and I lost sight of him; but in a few minutes our men rallied and drove the enemy back; then I saw him again lying upon the middle of the road. As I had now discovered my own injury from the flowing blood, I could reasonably fall out, which I did, and, stooping over Karl, asked him if he was seriously injured. He turned upon me a mournful face, and muttered, 'My poor Freda and my darling boy.' Then he lay still, as if his thoughts were far away, and I carried him, as gently as I could, to a sloping bank hard by, where I thought he would be a little easier.

"There was nothing horrible in his look," continued Fritz. "The wound was in his breast, and he was bleeding inwardly, but it needed no doctor to tell what was coming. Still, it was not a painful thing to see. There were many men around, wounded and dying; some crying out to God for mercy, others blaspheming in the most awful manner: but Karl lay quite still, with a beautiful light upon his face, growing brighter and brighter each moment. I watched his lips as they moved in prayer, waiting for him to speak, and, after awhile, he turned to me and said, 'Thank you Fritz; it is very kind of you. I should have thanked you before, but I was thinking of the dear ones at home.' I begged him not to think of me, and asked if I could do anything for him. 'You can carry a message for me,' he replied; 'if you survive this, go to my little farm, and tell my wife that I died as became a patriot, with my face to the foe; and tell her more; that I died as became a Christian, with my face toward heaven, in the knowledge and belief of my salvation through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The parting between us is but brief, tell Freda, and, to insure a meeting with our darling boy, let her bring him up as my dear mother reared me—as a Christian. There is yet a word for my mother. Tell her that her love and care bear fruit now, in my hour of pain and death, and that, knowing it is the will of God, I here give up my life without a murmur, and commit those I leave behind to His all-tender care. Amen.'

"These were his last words," said Fritz, in conclusion, "and with a sweet look toward the blue sky, he drew a deep breath and passed away. I took away his pocket-book and watch, and that night he was buried in a grave with scores of his comrades who had fallen on the field. Mourn not for him; he is to be envied! As I left his grave, I could not weep; I cried in my heart, 'Would that I had such a faith, and that my end might be, like his, full of Christian joy.'"

A silence followed the conclusion of the story, and the mother, with tears coursing down her aged cheeks, still felt rejoiced that her son had died in the faith of Christ. Freda, with her head upon the table, poured out a wife's anguish in bitter sobs, while little Karl, holding a toy horse by the string, looked and wondered why this stranger had brought such sorrow to his home. Fritz felt that it was neither the time nor place to say more, and, rising, went quietly out to tell to others the story of a Christian's death.

It is a story simple enough in itself, and yet well worth recording; it bears testimony to the sustaining power of the Christian faith during the darkest moment of our lives.

But may we not ask, Is it the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, The Prince of Peace, that the men of nations professing to be His followers should murder one another? Surely it is high time that a more humane way of settling national disputes be adopted than the barbarous one of shedding human blood, by which *might* very often conquers *right*.

LET THE LITTLE ONES LAUGH.

A child's mirth is easily aroused. How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep and their pattering feet are silent! How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth! Take even those prematurely-aged little ones bred in the gutter, cramped in unhealthy homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you find the child-nature is not all crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out as wild and free as if there were no such a thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh then—too soon, alas! they will find cause to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a gladsome peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

A STAR IN THE CROWN.

A young lady was preparing for the dance hall, and, standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown ornamented with silver stars upon her head. While thus standing a little fair-haired sister climbed in a chair and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus: "Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown." Said the little one, "I was looking at that and thinking of something else." "Pray, tell me what you are thinking about—you, a little child." "I was remembering that my Sabbath-school teacher said that, if we saved sinners by our influence, we should win stars to our crown in Heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown I wished I could save some soul." The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation, the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the associations of her friends. At a seasonable hour she left the hall and returned to her home, and going to her chamber, where her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss on her soft cheek and said, "Precious sister, you have won one star for your crown;" and, kneeling at the bed-side, offered a fervent prayer to God for mercy.—*Selected.*

THE FEZ.

The fortunes of the fez make a curious chapter in the unwritten history of clothes. It is now a symbol or a survival of Islam and of Oriental manners; yet some fifty years ago it was an emblem of reform, and of notions that might almost be called western. The great reforming Sultan Mahmoud put down the turban as he put down the Janissaries. He made all civil and military officials adopt the fez, while the turban only survived as a head-dress to be worn in the seclusion of the harem, or as an ornament carved in stone above the graves of the faithful. The very Ulemas were compelled in 1837 to renounce the turban for the fez. It was like stripping a bishop of his apron or compelling the higher clergy to attire in trousers. The Ulemas revolted on Mahmoud's death, and returned to the sacred turban. They would not wear the head-dress of Giaours, for the red fez is originally the *coiffure* of the Greeks and Albanians. The fez is equally inconvenient in sunny and in rainy weather, while no one can seriously call it pretty. Such as it is, the fez is a symbol, not only of eastern rule, but of eastern ability to appropriate western ideas. It is a type of the Turkish constitution and of the Turkish civilization. Originally detested by the faithful, it was thrust on them by a reforming monarch, and its ultimate use is to serve as an outward and visible symbol of a domination which has, practically speaking, ceased to exist.

A PICTURE AND A PARABLE.

An old-time ingle, warm and wide,
Shaming our modern manners,
Where backwood monarchs, side by side,
Fling up their rival banners,
And send their gleaming cohorts fast
The flying shadows after,
Till warmth and comfort glow at last
From shining floor to rafter;
Now glittering in the silver store
Of heirlooms with a story,
Now weaving saintly halos for
The elder's crown of glory;
But tenderest the fire-light glows,
And merriest is glancing
Upon a boy with cheek of rose,
In baby frolic dancing
About a loving father's knee,
Whose brow of care unbending
To join in all the baby glee
Is father's fondness lending;
While with her loving smile for all,
The gentle household mother
Moves queenly through her kingdom small,
Nor longs for any other,
But muses, in a happy way,
Whether on earth there may be
Another such papa to play
Bo-peep with such a baby.
Full well the picture I recall
My childish fancy greeted,
And which the scene that most of all
I liked to have repeated:
How, when his father's hiding-place
The boy could not discover,
A while he stood, with puzzled face,
Thinking the matter over,
Then stooped with sudden roguery
And airs of mock confiding,
And peeped beneath a chip to see
If there papa was hiding;
And how the trick brought papa out
With sudden peal of laughter,
And joyous was the baby's shout,
And wild the frolic after.

And still my fancy lingers in
The pretty, childish story,
And thinks a deeper sense to win,
As from an allegory;
For what do we with childish wits—
More witless children rather—
Seeking beneath our chips and bits
Of truth to find the Father—
"Lo here, lo there"—when everywhere
His walls of home do hold us,
The warmth and love-light of His care
By day and night infold us?
And when we lay us down to sleep,
And scenes of earth forsake us,
His presence still our souls shall keep,
His morning kiss shall wake us.
Does not the Father's pity yearn
To comfort them that fear Him,
Until within His arms they learn
That they are always near Him?

—*Helen W. Ludlow, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE KEHDIVE'S HAREM.

Most of the ladies wore suitable traveling European costumes, with light and elegant veils, or apologies for "yashmahs;" but the servants of different grades wore the tarha and khatara of the ordinary make. The styles of beauty were as varied as the toilettes. Some of the ladies had hair and complexion as fair as those of English women. Others were of the Spanish type, with black hair and eyes. Except among the servants, none seemed over twenty-five years of age; but there pervaded them all a listless and vacant look, as of beings with no occupation or aim in life. All the morning there was an incessant hurrying to and fro of boats with baggage and household goods, until at 2 P. M. another special train arrived with the second and larger portion of the harem. In this I counted nine barges or boats between the shore and the yacht, each containing from six to eight women. Perhaps some of these did not go on in the ship, but were friends who afterwards returned to Cairo, and many were merely "helps," in whom beauty was conspicuous by its absence. Then came Ismail Pasha's three lawful wives. The fourth, the mother of Prince Tewfik, the present Viceroy, remains at Cairo, near her son. The scenes at Cairo railway station between those members of the harem who were going and those who were staying behind are said to have been heartrending, and it was with much difficulty the train could be started. Although their life is one of seclusion and confinement they are accustomed to every comfort, and I doubt if at Cairo any of the harem had the least idea of their future residence; all they knew was, they were leaving their friends and surroundings to be landed in some strange country across the sea.—*Alexandria Letter.*

CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY.

Everything in Christianity tends to enforce the practice of justice and integrity in all our dealings. It is the very spirit of the law which says, "Thou shalt not covet." It is impossible to lay down general principles upon this subject; but, in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best; in morality, your first thoughts are best. Where things are indifferent as to principle, we have frequently to calculate consequences, which requires a long train of thought and reflection; but in matters of conscience God has not left us to such a process as this, for He has placed in the heart of every man a vicegerent, and whatever this conscience testifies at first is best; you may upbraid its voice, and may silence it, but whatever in its first movements it condemns, ought to be opposed. Your endeavors to resist it will be like laboring in the fire; always, then, in matters of morality, trust your first thoughts. Persons are sufficiently selfish not to give sentence in favor of themselves, and, like every other faculty, conscience is liable to become darkened: but if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is the darkness! It is in putting out, as far as possible, the light of the mind, and leaving us in a state of abject wretchedness. It is suicide of the immortal part.—*Robert Hall.*

God judges by the disposition, more than by the acts: "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

THE STOCK POT.—It will be well for housekeepers with whom soup is an every day affair, and who keep a stock pot, to impress upon their servants the following suggestions: Cool broth quickly, and it keeps longer. Use a flat bottomed kettle, as it is less likely to scorch. Soft water is best for soups; a little soda improves hard water. All kinds of bones should be mashed and boiled five or six hours to take out all the nutriment; the liquor must then be strained and kept in earthenware or stone, not in tin. Take off the fat when cool.

IN ORDER to properly wash colored silk handkerchiefs make a good suds in lukewarm water, in which a little bit of carbonate of ammonia has been dissolved; rub the handkerchiefs lightly in the hands till all the spots have disappeared. Then rinse them in lukewarm water and squeeze them as dry as possible. Take hold of the two corners and shake and snap each one for a few minutes. Roll in a soft towel, tightly, laying the handkerchief flat on the towel at first, squeeze tightly, and iron at once. Another method is to put three cents' worth of sugar of lead into the suds and proceed as above.

TO MAKE COLOGNE.—Poor cologne is worse than none, and an article which is much better than anything, but the most expensive, may be made by dissolving a fluid dram of the oils of bergamot, orange and rosemary each, with half a dram of neroli, and a pint of rectified spirit. A more complicated, though better way, is to mix with one pint of rectified spirit two fluid drams each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, with three-quarters of a dram of neroli, and four drops of the essences of ambergris and musk. If this is subsequently distilled it makes what may be called a perfect cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stoppered for two or three months to ripen and mellow before use.

Miscellaneous.

SATISFIED.

I would not care to live the span
Of slender years my life contains,
The narrow limit hedged to man
The sovereign will of God ordains,
Could I not feel the soothing breath,
That lulls me to my final sleep,
And softly whispers "after death,
No sorrows come—no eye shall weep."

I would not wish to live the years
Of mortals, though they may be sweet
As roses kissed with dewy tears,
The fairest summer morn could greet;
Could I not feel within this heart
A fond hope lingers, calm and still,
Too soft to whisper, "friends ne'er part
Who loved to do the Master's will."

I would not care to walk the earth,
Round which a starry anthem drew—
So honored by her Maker's birth—
And mingle with the cherished few;
Could I not know a radiant peace,
A dream of bliss that knows no end,
Where fear and dread their pow'rs release,
And friend forever lives with friend.

I would not care to think of heaven,
With every joy that hope foretells;
Where from the eye all tears are driven,
And through the heart sweet rapture thrills;
Could I not feel that heavenly bliss,
And breathe the fragrance of its air,
In changing to that world from this,
That I would be no stranger there.

I would not wish the hope were mine,
That when I lay life's burden down,
The tear drops shed at sorrow's shrine
Would crystalize to pearls, my crown;
Could I not know, awaiting me,
Some cherished soul our Lord had called,
Stood rapt in joyous ecstacy,
To ope the gates of emerald.

Then bid my fondest hope decay,
And let my dearest idol die.
Hide! hide, oh grave, the form away,
That once was precious to mine eye;
Sweet, sweet life's heaviest burdens seem,
Since at the portals now can be,
My love, my joy, my heart's best theme,
With outstretched arms to welcome me.

—*Friends' Journal.*

A TROPICAL FOREST IN MEXICO.

A correspondent thus describes some of the characteristics of forest scenery in Mexico:

The path by which the edge of the woods was entered was of scant breadth for a single horseman—a mere trail leading into one of the more traveled thoroughfares of the forest. So narrow in many places that the projecting branches brushed against our limbs as we rode against the close-standing trees. Everywhere the rank growth of the Mexican lowlands presented itself. Above was no longer the blue sky, but a canopy of deep green, a verdant arcade; shadowy at high noon, but now usually sombre from the darkling norther. A mysterious twilight reigned all around, which seemed to intensify the radiance of an occasional sunbeam, as it fell on the glossy palm-leaf, or on a large bunch of purple orchid flowers. Parasitical plants trailed a sinuous and serpentine course up oozy tree-trunks, across limbs and branches, mounted to the tops of the tallest trees, and flung green pennons weirdly against the sky; thick festoonery of creeping vines dangled their garlands across the pathway; silvery mosses relieved the darker colors of the woody tangle by their more delicate tints; poison sumac and noxious plants contributed warp and woof to the thick vegetable web spread on all sides. An occasional opening in the foliage revealed new designs in the forest architecture; green clustering curtains, against which were scattered with an apparent carelessness which no studied effect could equal pinnated leaves of bright yellowish-green, and heart-shaped azure-blue flowers. The straight stems of the palm trees rose, like so many pillars, supporting the dense green vault of foliage; while away through still darker forest aisles the velvety surface of strange vegetation contrasted its hues with the dark bark of rotting tree-trunks, with magnificent orchidæ, or trailing parasite. The scenes were constantly changing, each vieing with the other in their beauty.

As the trail debouched, after a time, from the leafy thicket, it followed the margin of a lagoon—a dormant, semi-stagnant pool, with a sluggish current passing through its centre. Broad green leaves of armus and the azure blossoms of lilies were spread upon its surface, contrasting their brilliant hues with the Stygian flood. Sporting on the turbid tide, or standing motionless and meditative along its shores, were scores of water and wading birds; white herons, standing for hours on one leg; cranes of solemn aspect balanced on a like slender support; stately kingfishers looking thoughtfully into the deep; roseate spoonbills and the scarlet ibis mingled with their varied hues upon the water surface. Overhead, upon a projecting limb, sat the osprey, robber-bird, occasionally giving utterance to his shrill predatory cry, and always intently watching the scene below, lest some smaller bird, better fisher than himself, should escape unrobbed of his prey; while over the broad leaves of the water-lilies lightly sped the spur-winged jacana, dancing its ceaseless minuet, with wings half spread to support it; or, where the cordate discs of the lilies gave promise of firmer base, with plumage closed, but constantly alert, lest the open jaws of an alligator should close upon him. That leaden-hued saurian himself might be seen lying so motionless under the same lily-leaves that his jaggy tail and scarcely protruding head might easily be taken for some half-sunken trunk, and blinking his weak and watery eyes while calmly awaiting his prey. All were fish that came to his net—sad-colored osprey or azure king-fisher, mistaking him for a log or floating tree, and darting down to seize some tempting morsel swimming close to his teeth, or scaly fish itself. It was all a tableau such as can only be seen in tropical forests—the birds, the leaves, the flowers—a tableau of the torrid Mexican lowlands, where all is bright, broad, magnificently expanded; where the very weeds are showy flowers, and in comparison with which all northern scenes are of comparatively sombre and meagre outline.

At the end of the lagoon the trail grew still narrower, and was only passable where the machete had been at work to clear space wide enough for a single horseman. The north had passed over, leaving the atmosphere hotter than before. Even the birds held their wings wide open to catch whatever coolness might be wafted towards them by the slightly stirring air. As the road narrowed, the forest grew thicker; creeping plants hung horizontally from tree to tree, completely arching over the pathway; strangely-shaped roots seemed to grow in all directions, forming props, stays, rods, and crossbars wherever they were wanted to support the green and golden canopy. A yard beyond the edges of this vegetable arcade the trailing parasites formed an impenetrable trellis-work, tacked here and there by a knot of flowers, about which swarms of humming-birds flitted, or poised on whirring wings. Occasionally a glade or open space in the forest, with a background of broad-leaved vegetation, was disclosed to view.

THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

An animal is wanted for the special purpose of destroying carrion, so as to prevent it becoming a nuisance. The creature appropriate for this purpose is a small worm, known as a maggot. But how are such worms to be extemporized, when a mass of putrid meat is to be disposed of? The difficulty is beautifully got over by sending a particular kind of big fly called a blue-bottle, that is entitled to rank as a scavenger-general. Instinctively, the blue-bottle discovers where its services are required. There it deposits eggs; the eggs very speedily become maggots, and the maggots make short work of eating up every scrap of the putrid mass. When that is done they cannot fly away. This, however, is provided for. They undergo a transformation into flies, and they set off in a flight for new substances requiring their attention. This is but a brief explanation of the process of transformation, which is various according to circumstances. It is sufficient to impress us with the fact that the creature referred to is in a sense two distinct animals. It has a flying life and a crawling life; or more directly while in its flying state, it can originate a host of crawling creatures admirably adapted for the design in view. In pursuing his professional avocations, the blue-bottle is far from being particular. It will as readily attack a joint of meat as a dead horse. Cooks, of course, have a detestation of blue-bottles, which they think are created only to torment them, and they would be glad to hear that they were exterminated off the face of the earth. This is being a little unreasonable. Blue-bottles have a right to live, if they can. No doubt, they make themselves very troublesome when by accident they find their way into a room, and keep buzzing on the window panes. On these occasions they are to be pitied. They are trying to get out, with the view of performing their proper functions, and they should be let out accordingly. If they wish to go about their business, why not let them go by all means, and be thankful for the riddance? In short, though apt to be an annoyance, blue-bottles are sent for a good purpose. They have their appointed uses in creation, and for these uses, their structure, while not displeasing to the eye, is admirably adapted. Look at their alacrity, their swiftness on the wing. Bees are very properly applauded for their industry. But we doubt if they are a whit more industrious than blue-bottles, for they are ever actively roaming about to "improve each shining hour," on their own proper mission, which is to remove what is unwholesome and unsightly. The merits of blue bottles have been a little overlooked in literature. Heraldry has strangely neglected them. Should the fraternity of scavengers think of getting up a coat-of-arms, they might with great propriety adopt the blue-bottle as a crest. We know that cooks will never be reconciled to blue-bottles. All they have to do is to keep joints out of their reach.

OLD ENGLISH TRAVEL.

But the difficulty of travel and liability to be detained long on the road were cheered by good inns, such as did not exist in the world elsewhere. All the literature of the period reflects lovingly the home-like delights of these comfortable houses of entertainment. Every little village boasted an excellent inn, and in the towns on the great thoroughfares were sumptuous houses that would accommodate from two to three hundred guests, with their horses. The landlords were not tyrants, as on the Continent, but servants of their guests; and it was, says Harrison, a world to see how they did contend for the entertainment of their guests; as about fineness and change of linen, furniture or bedding, beauty of rooms, service at the table, costliness of plate, strength of drink, variety of wines or well-using of horses. The gorgeous signs at their doors sometimes cost forty pounds. The inns were cheap, too, and the landlord let no one depart dissatisfied with his bill. The worst inns were in London, and the tradition has been handed down. But the ostlers, Harrison confesses, did sometimes cheat in the feed, and they, with the tapsters and chamberlains, were in league (and the landlord was not always above suspicion) with highwaymen outside, to ascertain if the traveler carried any valuables, so that when he left the hospitable inn he was quite likely to be stopped on the highway and relieved of his money. The highwayman was a conspicuous character. One of the most romantic of these gentry at one time was a woman named Mary Frith, born in 1585, and known as Mall Cut-Purse. She dressed in male attire, was an adroit fencer, a bold rider and a staunch royalist. She once took two hundred gold jacobuses from the Parliamentary General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. She is the chief character in Middleton's play of "The Roaring Girl." After a varied life as a thief, cut-purse, pickpocket, highwayman, trainer of animals and keeper of a thieves' "fence," she died in peace at the age of seventy. To return to the inns, Fyner Morrison, a traveler in 1617, sustains all that Harrison says of the inns as the best and cheapest in the world, where the guest shall have his own pleasure. No sooner does he arrive than the servants run to him; one takes his horse; another shows him his chamber and lights his fire; a third pulls off his boots. Then come the host and hostess to inquire what meat he shall choose, and he may have their company if he like. He shall be offered music while he eats, and, if he be solitary, the musicians will give him good day with his music in the morning. In short, "a man cannot more freely command at home, in his own house, than he may do in this inn."—*July Atlantic.*

ENGLISH SKIES.

One effect of the climate of England (it must, I think, be the climate,) is the mellowing of all sights, and particularly of all sounds. Life there seems softer, richer, sweeter, than it is with us. Bells do not clang so sharp and harsh upon the ear. True, they are not rung so much as they are with us. Even in London on Sunday their sound is not obtrusive. Indeed, the only bell sound in the great city of which I have a distinct memory is Big Ben's delicious, mellow boom. In country walks on Sunday the distant chimes from the little antique spires or towers float to you like silver voices heard through the still air. Your own voice is hushed by them if you are with a companion, and you walk on in sweet and silent sadness. I shall never forget the gentle, soothing charm of the Bolney chime in Sussex, which, as the sun was leaving the weald to that long, delicious twilight through which day lapses into night in England, I heard in company with one whose sagacious lips, then hushed for a moment, are now silent forever. These English country chimes are very different from those that stun our ears from Broadway steeples. They are simple, and yet are not formless jangle; but the performers do not undertake to play opera airs *affetuoso* and *con expressione* with ropes and iron hammers upon hollow tons of metal.

Whether I was favored by the English climate I do not know, but in addition to this soft, sweet charm which the air seemed to give to everything that was to be seen or heard, I found late autumn there as verdant and as variously beautiful as early summer is with us, and without the heat from which we suffer. In Sussex the gardens were all abloom, wild flowers in the woods, blackberries ripening in the hedges, the birds singing, and everything was fresh and fragrant. Among the birds, I observed the thrush and the robin redbreast; the latter not that tawny-breasted variety of the singing thrush which is here called a robin, but a little bird about half as large, with a thin, pointed bill, a breast of crimson, and a note which is like a loud and prolonged chirrup. It would be charming if we could have this mantrusting little feathered fellow with us; but I fear that he could not bear our winters. In Warwickshire I found roses blooming—blooming in great masses half-way up the sides of a two-story cottage on the road from Stratford-on-Avon to Kenilworth; and this was in the very last days of October. True, I had only a few days before shivered through a rainy morning drive in Essex, when the chill dampness seemed to strike into my very heart; but on the whole I found myself under English skies healthy, happy, and the enjoyer of a succession of new delights, which yet seemed to me mine by birthright.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selections.

He who loses his temper in an argument loses the argument also.

Very nice scruples are sometimes the mark of a great mind, but oftener of a little one.

The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

He who preaches most of Christ to sinners, may expect to preach most sinners to Christ.

He who spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes, and eats nothing but sauces.—*Richard Fuller.*

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.—*Franklin.*

One thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—*George MacDonald.*

The world is tolerant of sin anywhere but in a Christian. A Christian should be more intolerant of sin in himself than anywhere else. —*Watchman.*

If thou art a vessel of gold and thy brother one of wood, be not high-minded. It is God that maketh thee to differ, and the more bounty he shows the more humility He requires.

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.—*Edward Bickersteth.*

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone, and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.—*Addison.*

The consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show a stalking-horse to cover darker and more profitable vice, which it is for his interest to hide.—*Macaulay.*

As even the sparrows are not overlooked by our Heavenly Father, so nothing, whether good or ill, ever happens to His children without His provident care and will, and all things are surely working out, in the end, their highest good.

Science and Art.

Professor Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College, who has been classifying and arranging the specimens of bird tracks at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, finds sixty specimens of tracks on about eight hundred specimens of slabs.

Eighty-one out of every one hundred weather forecasts published since 1877 by the German Nautical Observatory at Hamburg, have proved to be correct. Our own service will also exhibit an equally gratifying aggregate experience.

Engineers have been surveying a line across Florida for the purpose of a canal, and also with the design of constructing a reservoir on the summit level. It is believed water enough can be secured from infiltration caused by rain to supply a canal.

The Bank of France has an invisible photographic studio behind the cashier's desk, whence likenesses can, at a signal from the latter, be taken. The camera is much used, too, in the examination of documents. An erasure is often obvious in the photograph of a document which is not seen in the document itself.

Herr Bunge, the famous scientific instrument maker of Hamburg, has completed the construction of a standard Kilogramme for the International Commission of Weights and Measures, at Paris. It has occupied him eight months, and is of such delicacy that the person using it must not approach within two yards, as the warmth emanating from his body might disturb its action.

A young mechanic of San Francisco has invented an ingenious device to prevent false alarms of fire. His design is to manufacture new doors with this attachment for the boxes now in use. The door has an opening in the under edge, through which a hand can turn a knob opening the door and disclosing the apparatus. The revolution of the knob, however, causes two iron bars to shoot out, one on either side, and catching the intruding hand in a vise-like grip, from which it is impossible to extricate it until a fire engine arrives and the trap is unlocked. In that way the person who turns in an alarm is imprisoned.

There can hardly be a doubt that, for many purposes, Edison's new motophone telephone must supersede the other forms. Its performance is simply marvellous in respect both to the loudness of the sound and the perfection of the articulation. If desired, it can be made to speak loudly enough to be heard by a large audience, with a voice far more resonant and distinct than that of the person whose words it is repeating. It is quite likely that it will be often used to enable a feeble speaker to address assemblies which otherwise would be quite beyond his reach. The fact that it is somewhat less simple than the old telephones may perhaps exclude it from places where they already answer the purpose sufficiently; but wherever it is important to hear easily and in the midst of extraneous noises this, or something equivalent is sure to be used. It consists of a mica diaphragm, four inches diameter, connected by a fine thread from its centre to a platinum style, which by a spring is pressed firmly upon the circumference of a cylinder of prepared chalk, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and an inch long. This cylinder is moistened with a solution of caustic potash, and kept in slow rotation either by the hand or by clock-work when the instrument is speaking. The transmitter is the carbon-button apparatus, with induction coil, which has been used for some time. As the chalk cylinder rotates, it pulls on the platinum style by friction, and thus draws in the centre of the mica plate; but the moment a current of electricity passes the friction is diminished and the mica springs back. If the electric pulsations are repeated, as when a person speaks into the transmitter, then the mica diaphragm is made to move in a precisely corresponding manner, and reproduces the words with an intensity which depends upon its size and the pressure of the platinum upon the chalk. Of course, the whole action depends upon Mr. Edison's discovery, made some three years ago, that the friction between a moistened surface and a metallic point moving over it is greatly changed by the passage of an electric current, even of the feeblest intensity.

Personal.

Bishop Martenson, primate of the Church of Denmark, has celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Sierra Leone, West Africa, on the 24th of July, and started for the River Congo.

A Scotch or Irish Cardinal will, it is understood, be created at the next Consistory—either Archbishop Strain, of St. Andrews, or Archbishop MacCabe, of Dublin.

The Crown Prince of Germany is not so popular as he ought to be, and this is mainly because, like his ancestor Frederick the Great, he never can refrain from sneering at the fools with whom he is brought in contact. The Crown Princess, apart from the habitual exaggeration according to which all princes or princesses who are not idiots, are intellectual phenomena, is a lady of singular capacity and decision.

Books and Periodicals.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. Prepared by Rev. John McClintock, D. D. and James Strong, D. D. Vol. VII.—New-Pes, and Vol. VIII.—Pet—Re. pps. 1009 and 1090. New York: Harper & Brother, Publishers, Franklin Square. Price, $5.00 per volume.

The above two volumes have been issued at successive intervals. Each of the preceding ones, we noticed at the time they severally appeared. The favorable judgment then expressed in regard to the work has been by no means weakened, but rather strengthened, by an examination of the two volumes now before us. The manner in which they are gotten up, is certainly a credit to the printing art, which, in itself is no slight commendation, as many a good work is seriously injured in its reputation by the manner in which it is given to the public.

The chief merit of the work, however, is to be found in the nature and character of its contents. As a Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, its scope is necessarily broad and comprehensive, It covers a vast field, and one too of the greatest importance. Several features about the work have impressed us very favorably.

The articles are well written. The style is terse and yet lucid. Whilst the articles are necessarily compact, they are still full and comprehensive. Nothing of vital importance connected with any subject has been overlooked.

We have been specially struck with the manifest effort at impartiality evinced in the articles relating to subjects of a controversial nature, and in the different historical and biographical sketches. They have evidently been prepared by competent and careful hands. As a single instance of that to which we at present refer, we would state, that the brief historical sketch of Otterbein contained in volume vii. now before us, is the first we have seen in any work outside of the Reformed Church, which correctly represents his relation to the Church in which he lived, labored and died, and yet does no wrong to a respectable denomination, which very properly traces its origin to his labors.

The work has become more extensive than it was originally supposed it would be. It was first thought it would embrace about six volumes. Eight, however, have already been issued, and two more will be required to complete the whole series. This fact, instead of being an objection to the work, is rather an argument in its favor, as it is an evidence of its full and comprehensive nature. The work is certainly a valuable acquisition to the library of any literary person, and especially to that of a clergyman. It forms for such a very convenient book for consultation on many all-important subjects, which must from time to time engage their attention. F.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,—The numbers of THE LIVING AGE for the weeks ending August 23d and 30th respectively, contain the following articles: The Worthies of Norwich, and The Hatton Papers, *Edinburgh;* Saint Evremond, and Cardinal Newman, *Fortnightly;* A New Dialect, or Yokohama Pidgin, *New Quarterly;* Influence of the Mind on the Body, *Cornhill;* A State Dinner in Andorra, *Macmillan;* The Reign of Humor, *Globe;* Introductions, *Queen;* A Centenarian, *Lancet;* President Hayes' Education, *National Portrait Gallery;* The Feast of the Supreme Being, translated from the French of *Adolphe Adam;* with the continuation of JEAN INGELOW'S "Sarah de Berenger; MISS KEARY'S "Doubting Heart;" and Gertrude, a short story from the Argosy; and the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two such numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., publishers.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. T. J. BARKLEY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1879.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYNODS.

By the time this paper reaches our subscribers, the Eastern Synod will be about to assemble, and the other synods of the Church will meet not long afterwards. It is thought that the history of bodies of that kind can be gleaned from their minutes, and it would be well, if those who are now to represent the "tribes of Zion," would look through the records of former years, and glean a little wisdom.

It will startle anyone, who has not long since learned to laugh or cry over the matter, to see how many things have been settled by mere resolutions, that, like the witch's prophecy to Macbeth, have made promises to the ear, only to break them to the hopes. Resolutions have been the favorite way of disposing of many a subject that claims attention. They have stopped long debates; deferred action in a way most agreeable to Micawbers, and even satisfied for the time, the desires of those most interested in the subjects resolved upon.

But if any one should judge of what the Church has done, simply by reading of what it has over and over again resolved to do, he would be most egregiously mistaken. The most important interests of the Church, bearing upon education, missions, and everything else, have been shoved off on the back of flaming resolutions, and the public servants of the Church, who have depended upon the faith plighted by ecclesiastical bodies, have been left in the lurch.

In view of all this, we hope Synods and Classes, will, hereafter, pass no resolutions, unless the action proposed can be carried into some kind of practical effect. The man who gives pledges and never redeems them, is not honest, and Church judicatories that are guilty of the same thing, are no better.

A LIMITED ATONEMENT QUESTIONED.

We have been watching, with some interest, a discussion that has grown out of a decision recently made by the Presbytery of Wooster, O., which plainly declared, that no Presbyterian minister might preach the doctrine of an unlimited atonement. The deliverance was made in answer to certain inquiries put by Mr. Alcott, who dissented from the decision when given, and was allowed to withdraw from the Church. According to some, the question raised was a colorless one, which it was not wise to ask, and which the Presbytery should not have felt bound to answer categorically.

The subject is certainly a delicate one, because the Westminster Confession clearly favors the view expressed at Wooster, while not ten Presbyterian ministers in a thousand would, in these days, advocate it in the pulpit. The immediate danger of the issue pronounced upon, was, that it threatened to open anew a difference that formerly helped to divide the Presbyterian Church, and gave rise to one of the bitterest controversies that has ever been known in the history of the Church in this country. Those who were "New School" before the late union, showed some sensitiveness upon the subject; but the men on the other side have regretted the deliverance as unwise, and showed such moderation upon the general subject, that further irritation seems to have been allayed for the present, at least. Mr. Alcott's withdrawal does not necessitate the following of others, inasmuch as his view is far more radical than that of such men as Dr. Albert Barnes, who represented the doctrine of the New School people. Dr. Barnes, for instance, never asserted that any man could accept the sovereign grace of God by his own determination, independent of the help of the Holy Spirit; while Mr. Alcott attributes to the will of man, dispositions and powers not consistent with his fallen state. Indeed, Mr. Alcott goes beyond Arminius, who protested against Pelagianism on this point so vigorously, that he was at times claimed as being on the side of what is now called Calvinism.

That, however, is not the question. Nearly every thinking Methodist we ever heard of, prays for the influence of the Holy Spirit to turn men to God, thereby implying their own inability to turn away from sin. This is believed by both Arminians and Calvinists. The deeper question is, whether, by a decree of God, ordained from all eternity, the number of the elect is so definitely fixed that it can never be increased or diminished. That once decided in the affirmative, and the doctrine of a limited atonement follows in such a way, that those who believe in it cannot consistently preach anything else.

But this idea is certainly practically abandoned by Presbyterians generally. There is a disposition to let the question lie undiscussed and undecided, and to allow a great deal of latitude, however desirable it may be to have a clear-cut creed, and determine "what may be the tolerated divergence from the standards." The universal interest in this subject, apart from Mr. Alcott's case, leads us to reprint on our first page the opinions of Dr. Francis L. Patton, late Moderator of the General Assembly, and now Professor of Theology at Chicago, contributed to a number of the *Independent*. Dr. Patton is a thorough Presbyterian, whose services as a teacher have been sought for on both sides of the Atlantic, and it will be interesting to see how he looks at the matter.

But as an evidence of the way things are toning down, we clip the following from the *Presbyterian*, which quotes with apparent approval.

"The *Non-Conformist*, an organ of the English Congregationalists, reviews Dr. Alexander Hodge's 'Outlines of Theology.' The reviewer says that Dr. Hodge is a Calvinist, but not a "hyper-Calvinist," and gives his statement in regard to the definiteness of the atonement in proof. He gives his statement of the doctrine, which it says many could scarcely distinguish from the doctrine of a universal atonement, to wit: "1st. Because the satisfaction rendered to the law is sufficient for all men. 2d. Because it is exactly adapted to the redemption of all. 3d. Because God designs that whosoever exercises faith in Christ shall be saved by Him. No man is lost for want of an atonement, or because there is any other barrier in the way of his salvation than his own free and wicked will."

How the above can be reconciled with some things in the Westminster Confession, we cannot see. It is doubtful whether that symbol would be adopted now, if it were not for its historical prestige. We have heard it predicted that it will not be the basis of faith at the coming Pan-Presbyterian conference, but that some consensus would be offered in its stead. Why not take the Heidelberg Catechism?

THE EVIL OF MISREPRESENTATION.

The real animus of a slanderer will be apparent, when it is remembered, that it is his desire to make more sin than there really is, as if the world and the people in it were not, at their best estate, bad enough. He would like things to be worse, in order that those for whom he has a dislike may be brought into disfavor. The theory is, that sin is odious, and he would rejoice if that which called for atoning blood, and crucifies the Son of God afresh, could be increased in extent and turpitude.

How far from Christ-like this is, no one need be told. It takes the part of the devil over against God, and is irreconcilable with the spirit of the gospel, even though its zeal for holiness may be the cloak for maliciousness.

The disposition to exaggerate evil, real or supposed, is always reprehensible. It may seem to a man that his own virtues will shine bright only in the degree that darkens the character of those who may differ from him; and this is often the way in which persons seek for triumph. But to misrepresent a man's views is just as dishonest as to remove a fence off his land, and false balances held up, can never help the advancement of truth.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We will conclude our observations on the Reformed churches of the Cumberland Valley.

Carlisle, the county seat of Cumberland, is one of the most beautiful towns in the State, and has a population of nearly seven thousand. The country around, in which it is set like a diamond, is well known as a region of surpassing richness and beauty. The whole county, as such, enjoys a distinguished reputation. Old Gov. Ritner expressed his estimate of it at the Republican national convention, in 1856: "I am from old Mother Cumberland," he said; "we must make sure of that county; because as *it* goes, so the State goes, and as the State goes, so the whole country goes." If that be so, it would be well for our political war horses to pay special attention to old Cumberland, as the pivot on which the political world turns. Certain it is, that its capital is a town of importance. It figured in no small way during the American revolution. Here for a time Washington had his head-quarters. The barracks, erected more than a century ago, and capable of housing several regiments, are still here and used for military purposes; and here Dickinson College (our own alma mater) is located, a well known institution of learning, and established nearly a century ago. The town is intimately associated with the history of our country, and is to-day a noble representative of our best national life.

The first theological seminary of the Reformed Church took its humble rise in Carlisle. We will not repeat here any narration of facts, that belong to this important period in our denominational life, these having been sufficiently dwelt upon during the semi-centennial, four years ago. The records are accessible to all who may wish to consult them. We would suggest, however, in order to obtain the fullest possible information on the subject, that some careful gatherer of historical relics go to the last survivor of our first theological seminary, the Rev. J. G. Fritchey, and, before the final withdrawal of living testimony, secure what may still be furnished by this solitary living witness.

The seminary building, which was only a private dwelling, was situated near the church, and still remains, after the lapse of fifty-four years, without much change, we believe—a very respectable-looking house. Our memory carries us back to the year 1845, when the present pastor, Dr. A. H. Kremer, was installed, the charge then consisting of three congregations. The church edifice was rather small, and not attractive in appearance, and things in general not very inviting. But the membership on the whole was good in quality, if not great in numbers. Prospects began to brighten; a considerable addition was made to the church, including a fine Gothic front, and the interior was completely changed. In the course of time the two country churches were cut off and a new charge formed. The good results were soon visible in the growth of the congregation in numbers, intelligence and the spirit of enterprise. Again and again the building underwent additional improvement, until it became one of the chief ornaments of the town.

From the year 1860 until two years ago this church was served by various pastors, with varied success, the great incubus in the way being a debt that stole in and threatened in time to destroy the very life of the congregation. Added to this was the unfortunate settlement of a heretical pastor, whose only care seemed to be to create a sensation and draw a crowd to hear his poorly-concealed and sometimes open thrusts at doctrines which he had sworn to defend and teach. The discovery of the wolf in sheep's clothing ended this unnatural relation, and the flock, ready to scatter in all directions, was again without a shepherd. The hireling suddenly betook himself to his own kind, and the distressed flock was at least relieved of a false guide. As if moved by a common impulse, the congregation called back a former pastor, who had watched over it for fifteen years, and had now for seventeen years been pastor of another charge. Dr. Kremer accepted their call. He found the church almost ready to sink out of existence under the weight of debt. Gradually light beamed out of the darkness. The new pastor (old and new) had experience in that kind of work. Through his exertions at Lancaster, and the Lord's help, the First church was saved from being literally swallowed up by a financial earthquake. So in Carlisle the horrid debt is growing gradually less. A good congregation was assembled on the Sunday we were present, though it was one of the warmest days of the season. The Sunday-school is well organized, and in a prosperous condition.

A new spirit of enterprise has taken hold of these people. For, notwithstanding the debt they were carrying, they determined to have a better place than a basement for Sunday-school and week-day services, and erected a chapel in the rear of the church for the purpose, which is now ready for use. It has cost about one thousand dollars, and is nearly or quite paid for. The church itself, also, is to undergo a thorough inside renewal, at an estimated cost of about $1,300. The ladies of the church have already secured half that amount, and expect to have every dollar before next November. All this indicates that the Reformed Church in Carlisle is to live on, and such is evidently the will of the Lord, who is ever watchful and jealous of His heritage in every place. Long live the churches of the valley!

K.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT BASLE.

The programme of the meeting of the Swiss Branch of the Evangelical Alliance to be held at Basle this week has been published. The opening address on "The Unchangeableness of the Gospel preached by the Apostles," will be followed by a series of discussions and reports upon the present condition of Christians and social life in all parts of Christendom. We give this programme in full among our extracts from exchanges.

"All the lectures and addresses will be in French or German, but 'special arrangements will be made for speakers and hearers, who understand no language but English.' The committee announces that the 'Christian circles' of Basle are prepared to offer hospitality to all comers, while those who prefer to take up their residence in hotels are requested to communicate with the President of the Quartier Committee. The proceedings will appear in print shortly after the close of the meetings, and subscriptions for the book, at a reduced price, may be paid at the bureau of the Alliance, No. 6 Nadelberg."

THE GUARDIAN.

The September number of this monthly opens, as usual, with quite a number of editorial notes. We always read them with much interest. Those contained in the present number furnish a remarkable variety, and many of them are peculiarly tender and touching. Michael Faraday, from the pen of the editor, follows the Notes, and furnishes a highly interesting sketch of one, who, by the force of his genius and energy of character, arose from the ranks of humble life to a most prominent position in the world of science. "Over Land and Sea," is a continuation of a series of articles, furnished by Edwin S. Gernant, growing out of recent travel through Europe. The present article treats of "The Sunny Rhine Land," and must prove specially interesting to most of the readers of the "*Guardian*." This is followed by a poem of some length, entitled: "Syria's Leper Cleansed," the merits or demerits of which we submit to the unbiased judgment of its readers. "Downfall of Napoleon III.," is the republication of a remarkable prophecy concerning the event to which it relates, published in the "*Guardian*," thirteen years ago. A ballad by Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled "Bill and Joe," is full of touching sentiment and most precious truth. "Literary Value of the Bible," "Dr. Franklin's Letter," and a few brief selections, together with some notice of recent publications, brings the literary department to a close.

The Sunday-School department opens with several brief appropriate selections. These are followed by the Scripture Lessons for the month, accompanied with the usual comments, the whole being interspersed with quite a number of short appropriate selections.

The number is certainly a very good one, and well sustains the excellent reputation the work has earned for itself.

F.

THE SYNODICAL EDITORSHIP.

The arrangement by which the Publication interests of the three eastern Synods were merged into one, provided that, in addition to an editor-in-chief, each Synod should have one Synodical editor. It was thought this amount of editorial force would make the MESSENGER much more efficient in advancing the interests of the Church, and also bind the three Synods to continued and exclusive co-operation in this important department of Church work.

Whether or not the hopes, entertained by the members of the different Synods who advocated the union, have been realized, is a question for them to answer. Has the efficiency of the MESSENGER been increased by the arrangement? Is it more acceptable? Have its columns any greater attraction than they had before? Has its circulation increased in any degree corresponding with the expectations that were then entertained and expressed?

We are not in a position to express an opinion as to what the Church at large thinks of the efficiency of the MESSENGER. But it seems the arrangement, entered into four years ago, has not increased its circulation enough to pay for the editorial work contemplated in the agreement. Or if it does pay the actual costs of publication, a part of the proceeds must be taken to help other interests along which do not pay. The Board, therefore, at its last meeting, found it necessary to reduce salaries, and curtail expenses in other directions, hoping in this way to make the income cover the expenditures. In the case of the Synodical editors, the salary, which was merely nominal in amount, was reduced to a figure so small, that it is equivalent to asking them to do their work for nothing.

This action of the Board evidently means that, in their judgment, the Synodical editorship is a failure, or, at least, of very little benefit to the MESSENGER. It is a thing that doesn't pay. We acquiesce in this judgment, and suggest that the Synods, at the approaching annual meetings, request the Board to abolish the Synodical editorship. Under the circumstances, this seems to be what ought to be done. It has been tried, and found wanting. Let it be abolished. Something will be saved, and the MESSENGER will doubtless be as attractive and acceptable as it is now.

B.

THE JAPANESE STUDENT.

We learn from the Rev. F. Fox, that Mr. H. M. Yamanaka, the Japanese student who is expected to pursue a course of study at the institutions at Lancaster, Pa., left San Francisco for New York per steamer on the 19th of August, and expected to arrive at Lancaster in the course of two weeks to enter Franklin and Marshall College. Any persons desirous of contributing towards his support will forward their contributions to W. H. Seibert, Harrisburg, Pa. F.

HISTORY OF CLASS '59.

As was announced at the time, the class of '59 of Franklin and Marshall College held a reunion at Lancaster, Pa., on the 17th of June. It was the fifth reunion and the twentieth year after graduation. The Rev. A. C. Whitmer read a paper

containing the history of the class. It has recently been given to the public in pamphlet form. Whilst it is very full, and often indulges in pleasant reminiscences, there is nothing in it that offends against good taste. In this respect, it deserves to be held up as a model of what such papers should usually be.

F.

Among the Exchanges.

The programme of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle referred to in our editorial notes, is as follows:

Sunday, August 31st.—7 P. M., Reception of Members and Fraternal Salutations in the Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus."

Monday, September 1st.—8.30 A. M., Opening of the Conference by the President, M. Charles Sarasin, Councillor of State—Reports on the Religious State of Protestantism in various Countries—1. Switzerland, Dr. Güder, of Berne—2. Germany, Dr. Cremer, Griefswald—3. France, M. Babut, of Nimes—4. Great Britain, Hon. and Rev Edward V. Bligh. 3 P. M., Continuation of Reports—5. Holland, Dr. Van Oosterzee, Utrecht—6. America, Dr. Schaff, New York—7. Austria, Dr. Von Tardy, Vienna—8 Scandinavia, Dr. Von Scheele, Upsala—9. Russia, M. Ed. Von Busch, of St. Petersburg. 7 P. M., Sermons will be preached, in German, in St. Martin's church; in French, in St. Leonard's church; in English, in the French church.

Tuesday, September 2d.—9 A. M., in St. Martin's church—The Identity of the Gospel of the Apostles—Prof. C. Von Orelli, Basle; Dr. Godet, Neuchâtel. 3 P. M., Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Evangelization in France and in Belgium, M. Lelièvre, Nimes—Evangelization in Italy, Prof. Emile Comba, of Florence. At the same hour, in the lower hall of the "Vereinshaus," Preparation for the Ministry of the Gospel, Prof. Kübel, of Ellwangen (Würtemberg); Prof. Porret, of Lausanne. 7 P. M., in the Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Addresses by various speakers. "The Connection between Basle and Early English Protestants," Rev. John Stoughton, D. D.

Wednesday, September 3d.—9 A. M., in St. Martin's Church, Christian Education and the Modern State, M. Zillessen, of Orsoy (Rhenish Prussia); M. Von Lerber, Berne. 2 P. M., in the Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Evangelization in Spain and Portugal, M. Fliedner, of Madrid. At the same hour, in the Lower Hall of the "Vereinshaus," The Training of Christian Teachers, M. Bachofner, of Zurich. 4 P. M., Excursion into the Country, by invitation of a friend at Richen.

Thursday, September 4th.—9 A. M., St. Martin's Church, Christianity and Modern Society, Prof. Wach, of Leipsic. Our Duty to the Industrial Classes of To-day, M. Steinheil, Manufacturer, Alsace. 3. P. M., Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Efforts in view of the Religious Awakening in the East, Dr. Fabri, of Barmen. Same hour in the Lower Hall of the "Vereinshaus," The Christian and Anti-Christian Influence of the Press on the Nation, M. Joneli, Basle; Dr. E. de Pressensé, of Paris. 7 P. M., Sermons—German, in St. Martin's Church; French, in St. Leonard's; English, in French Church.

Friday, September 5th.—9 A. M, St. Martin's Church, Missions to the Jews, M. De le Roi, Breslau. 10 A. M., same place, Present State of Missions to the Heathen, Prof. Christlieb, Bonn; Rev. W. Arthur, London; M. Barde, Geneva. 3 P. M., Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Three Questions relating to Missions to the Heathen—1. The Rivalry of various Missionary Operations.—2. The Application of the Alphabet of Lepsius to the Chinese—2. Marriage of Hindu Children, Pastor Schott and Inspector Josenhaus, of Basle. Same hour in the Lower Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Missionary Experiences among the Jews, Dr. Heman, Basle. 6.30 P. M., in the Cathedral, Concert of Sacred Music. 8 P. M., Great Hall "Vereinshaus," Addresses by various speakers.

Saturday, September 6th—9 A. M., St. Martin's Church, "What saith the Apostolic Injunction to the Members of the Evangelical Alliance—'Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace' (Eph. 4: 3)?"—Dr. H. Plitt, of Gradenfeld (Prussia); M. Rog Hollard, of Paris; Rev. J. L. Hurst, D. D, United States. 7 P. M., the Cathedral, Service preparatory to the Lord's Supper.

Sunday, September 7th.—9 A. M., the Cathedral, Service and Lord's Supper; Sermon by Dr. Stockmeyer, of Basle. 7 P. M., Great Hall of the "Vereinshaus," Farewell Service of the Conference.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal says* by all means be an editor, because,

An editor is the happiest being on earth. He has little or nothing to do, and his pay is all that heart could wish. His sanctum, with its Persian rugs and Turkish carpets, its costly rosewood furniture, its magnificent mirrors, its beautiful pictures, its complete library of splendidly bound books, its silver bell to summon an attendant, and, in short, with its everything that human ingenuity can devise for his comfort and pleasure, is a perfect little paradise, where he sits, or lounges, and reigns a young lord, with the world of fashion and pleasure at his feet. And then, anybody can be an editor—no study, no preparation, no brains, nothing but a little money to start with; and, once started, the money pours in upon you in a steady stream, and the chief labor of your wife is to spend it. As for the labor of editing a newspaper, that is mere moonshine. A mere glance at the columns of a newspaper is enough to convince you, that it requires no effort to edit it, and less brains. It is certainly a glorious life, that of an editor; a life of luxurious ease and of elegant leisure—a life filled, like that of the young lover in his first dream of requited love, with flutes and rose-leaves and moonbeams. That all men are not editors is one of the strangest things beneath the stars. True, there must be doctors and lawyers and merchants and shoemakers and peanut dealers, and the like, and all these callings must be filled by somebody, but there are enough to fill them, and why they don't become editors and lead the life of opulent princes is the thing that staggers us. But, after all, it may be that it is a mere matter of taste. It may be repugnant to some natures to become editors. The life of ease and elegance and luxury, and exemption from all care and toils and debts and duns, would soon become a bore to him, and he would spend his nights in dreaming of plows and pitchforks and reaping machines, and squander his days in devising some plan for swapping places with a blacksmith's apprentice or a street-car driver.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* speaks of what it calls "The Clergyman's Pulpit Voice," and says:

Many clergymen have a pulpit voice. When they are out of church they speak as other people do. They do not employ a deep chest-note, when they inquire of the butcher respecting the price of roast beef, and they do not use a dismal monotone, when they discuss domestic matters with their wives and children. But as soon as they get into church they unconsciously assume an artificial tone; and they are apt to do this when they have any devotional functions to perform. It has often been observed, that if a minister, who is chatting easily and naturally at table should be asked to say grace, he will suddenly assume his pulpit voice, articulate with it during the ceremony, and then resume the conversation in his proper voice with the dexterity of a ventriloquist. The pulpit voice is probably attributable to a desire to give solemnity and impressiveness to the performance. It results from an effort to convey to the hearer the deep sense of awe which may fairly be supposed to suffuse the clerical mind. But the result to the listener is far more likely to be an almost irresistible tendency to go to sleep. The effective voice always is the natural voice. The skilful actor touches every chord in the entire gamut of passion, and he gives force and effect to every phase of sentiment, without putting any undue strain upon his vocal machinery. A great truth must be far more impressive when it is urged in the speaker's ordinary tones, modified only by whatever influence of sincere feeling may govern the speaker's mind, than when it is offered in an artificial voice, about which there be no suggestion of genuine passion.

The *N. Y. Tribune* is certainly right in assigning one cause for the immorality that abounds. It says:

Is virtue driven from the field? Has vice won? There are hints of an existing condition of affairs in this country, given in recent revelations, which equal in immorality the state of Rome in the latter days of the Empire, or Paris before the fall of the Bourbons. Yet the mass of the people, we contend, are decent, are God-fearing; the instinct of the American woman is to be modest and pure. Human nature is no coarser or less reverent than in the days of our grandfathers. Our literature is purer than it was then; there are a thousand avenues into which the human mind can turn—science, art, knowledge of every kind—to divert it from gross animal passions. Why do these passions then dominate our social life, like the seven devils who found the house swept and garnished, and entered in to take possession? We believe one reason to be, that the barriers are lowered in domestic life to allow them to come in. Matters are discussed in the presence of young girls which once matrons blushed to mention. There is a familiarity with vice, an acceptance of it as a matter of course, shown in our newspapers, in our ordinary talk, in our pulpits, which debases the minds of the young. The very air is poisoned in which our children live. No legislation, no single reform can touch this disease any more than it could cure the malaria which slays its victims by the thousand. It is for each family, each clergyman, each mother to clean and sweeten their own household.

VIRGINIA CLASSIS.

This weak Classis is permitted to rejoice in the fact, that all her regular charges are under the care of pastors. The difficulties with which she was called to contend, several years ago, in compassing this desirable end, have happily been surmounted. In the revival of energy and business interests in the Shenandoah Valley, which has come to be quite marked in the late past, the Church has been enabled to share her part, and a hopeful outlook for the future strengthens her to renewed energy and enterprise. The present condition of hope and home activity may serve, may we not trust, to disabuse the minds of some in other sections of the Church, who, mistakenly inferred from the energy displayed in calling the attention of the Synod of the Potomac to the wants and dangers which a few years ago oppressed this Classis, that its future was well-nigh hopeless. The advocacy of the interests of the Church in the Valley of Virginia erred, perhaps, in emphasizing the dark side, at the expense of the remaining elements of life and promise. If such was the case, it grew out of the difficulties which embarrassed the efforts put forth to put the charges in vigorous working order, and arrest the work of decay, which was only too manifest in some sections of her territory. However this may be, we rejoice in being able to say, that the tendency to decay has been arrested, and an advance movement is being made "along the whole line." And we think it may be said without exaggeration, that, taking into consideration the peculiar character of the surroundings which attended the Church work in the Valley, no section of the Reformed Church has advanced more vigorously within the last ten or twelve years.

The work which has been accomplished has not been that of positive extension beyond the measure reached prior to the war, but rather, the arresting of a downward tendency; the settlement of pastors in disheartened charges; the erection of new churches; the procuring of parsonages; and, in general, the inspiration of our people and congregations with new hope, activity, and Christian resolution. In these regards the labors of the last ten years have resulted in a refreshing measure of success.

The advance movement has just at this time taken the form of an earnest endeavor on the part of Classis, to reconstruct, divide and multiply charges. During the current classical year, this interest is committed to the ministry of a committee, whose duty it is to visit several of the large charges, in the hope, that such reconstruction may be found feasible, as will enable the pastors to extend their labors to outlying points. If success attends the inquiries of this commission, we hope for an open door to carry forward more largely our missionary operations. And may we not then hope for enlarged coöperation on the part of our Board of Missions.

Quite recently two installations of pastors have taken place in the extreme southern section of the Classis. For between forty and fifty years, Rev. J. C. Hensell has been laboring in this part of our Virginia field. About half of this time, he was pastor of the Middlebrook charge; the remaining time he has resided in Mt. Crawford. Until 1871 he was pastor of what was then the Mt. Crawford charge, consisting of five congregations. During this year, the writer relieved his arduous labors by taking two of the congregations, leaving him three, now known as the Rockingham charge. But, like the Fathers before him, he is growing old, and has well-nigh, if not entirely, reached his three-score years and ten. At the last session of Virginia Classis, after almost half a century of earnest toil in the Master's work, increasing years and infirmities constrained him to lay aside his shepherd's crook. But this he did, not until his successor and kinsman, Rev. L. M. Hensell, was ready to step immediately into his vacated post, happily leaving no unfilled interval.

Rev. L. M. Hensell was installed by a committee of Classis on the third Sunday of July ult., under promising circumstances, since which time, this young brother has been giving diligent heed to the labors of his calling with the prospect, that with the blessing of the Master, his work will abound to the glory of God and the upbuilding of His kingdom.

The other installation was that of Rev. S. L. Whitmore in the Middlebrook charge. This field has been occupied for two years or more by Rev. A. J. Whitmore, who found it in a sadly demoralized condition. It consisted of two congregations, one of which seemed well-nigh unto death. The church building was so dilapidated as to be unfit for occupancy, while the membership was reduced to a mere handful. The erection of a new church at Newport, Augusta Co., Va., was the only means left, seemingly, to save the interest. This he effected, displaying an energy and perseverance in the face of opposition from without and a famine of resource within, which seldom finds its equal. So great was the tax upon his time and energy, and not yet having secured the establishment of the charge beyond danger, that it was thought best by Classis, that he should retire from the pastorate of the charge proper in favor of his brother, while he should devote his untiring energies to the establishment of another congregation at an inviting point near by, and the erection of another church, thus providing the means for the full establishment again of this old charge, or if the new congregation could be spared, to form the nucleus of a new charge Recent intelligence is at hand to the effect, that the site for a church at the contemplated point has been secured, a lively interest awakened in the community, both in and outside of the Reformed Church, and steps are being taken to secure the means and material for the erection of the building.

Rev. S. L. Whitmore was installed by a committee of Virginia Classis on Saturday, June 7, 1879, in the midst of hope and promise, and all who are acquainted with the circumstances now surrounding this charge, look forward in reliance upon the divine blessing with joyous anticipation. S. N. C.

A DISTINGUISHED HONOR CONFERRED.

The Lancaster "*New Era*" of the 26th of August announces, that Rev. Dr J. H. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, was surprised on the day previous to receive by a mail, a diploma constituting him a corresponding member of the Ethnographic Society of Paris. During his visit to Europe, it is stated, he devoted much time and attention to ethnography, and having made the acquaintance of a number of gentlemen who were specially devoted to this department, the latter have now honored him by electing him one of their associates

The Ethnographic Society was founded by the French government, for the purpose of studying the relations of the different races of mankind. It is especially devoted to researches into such subjects as the antiquity of man and his achievements before the beginning of written history. Membership is, in France, recognized as an honor, and confers a number of privileges, among which is admission to the national museums at times when they are closed to the general public. Corresponding membership is conferred as an honorary distinction, at the motion of two members who are personally familiar with the qualifications of the candidate, and with the unanimous consent of the council. Members are required to correspond with the society and to aid each other in their special studies.

Dr. Dubbs, it is added, proposes to accept the proffered honor, and will send an essay to be read at the next quarterly meeting of the society. The editor of the "*Era*" also says, he saw the diploma sent to Dr. Dubbs, in which the fact stated is set forth at length. The Professor is congratulated at this unusual honor, and the hope is expressed, that he will find his relation with his new colleagues as valuable as it will be interesting. F.

FROM OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, July 23, 1879.

Some time has elapsed, since I wrote you an outline of the particulars of our ocean voyage. I had thought of sending a letter by the last mail, but was hindered by other duties. We have the mail arriving and leaving about every fortnight, which seems, at first sight, to be very seldom, but which, with the many things we have to occupy us from day to day, really seems to be frequent,

I find it exceedingly difficult to give you anything like a true first glimpse of this heathen empire. It is utterly impossible to transfer to paper either the scene or the emotions caused by the first sight of the country or the first living contact with the people. Long before you can distinctly see land, you are told that that which you see rising above the western horizon is not a long, narrow strip of cloud, but that it is land. You can scarcely believe it, and yet you have no disposition at all to dispute it; for you are heartily sick of the sea. Gradually you see for yourself that it is land, and, by-and-by, you see the tops of the mountains, and there, towering above the clouds, you see the famous snow-capped Fujiyama, the highest and noblest mountain in Japan, which was about nineteen years ago an active volcano, but is now extinct, and is the admiration and landmark both of landmen and seamen alike.

There is scarcely enough breeze to ripple the water, and far out in the direction of the land, you see something no larger than your hand, moving upon the water. You wonder what they are, and are quickly told that they are Japanese fishing boats. By and-by, they assume a form, and you see a small, dirty, white sail, flat-bottomed boat, and the figures of men in motion. You take your field-glass, anxious to get a glimpse of the raw Japan native. But you do not succeed, for they are yet too far away to distinguish their features.

There goes the bell calling us to breakfast in the saloon. We were loth to leave so interesting a revelation of the country we were approaching, and where we hoped to live and labor. We descended to the saloon, filled with gladness that this would be, in all likelihood, our last breakfast on board the steamer.

Upon our returning to the upper deck, we seemed to be in a perfect forest of fishing boats, of all sizes and descriptions, some quite near, and others far away. It was, indeed, a curious sight. When they were yet some distance off, I noticed the peculiar color of their close-fitting garments, as I thought them to be. But, on closer inspection, as they came nearer, I found, to my surprise, that they were the suits that nature had provided them. They are hearty and rude, and their average height about five feet. They wear no hats, but have the crown of their heads shaven, and the remaining hair singularly tied up by a blue or white band which they have bound around the head, and knotted just above the forehead. There is no variety in the color of their eyes and hair—they are all jet black, and when you have seen one, you have a pretty good idea of all, though there is difference of expression. They are erect, and some very muscular. They are as near the color of copper as anything can be. Their power of endurance is very great. They are exposed all year round without clothing, and the color they have is unnatural.

They do not propel their boats as Europeans do, but have long heavy oars, on semi-circular wooden pivots which they keep wet, and which gives the oar a sort of rolling motion, which they work by standing. They work alternately, and accompany the motion by an indescribable expelling of the breath, coming as near to the sound of *ha, ho, ha, ho,* as I can imagine. These were the first living sounds that fell upon our ears, from Japan, and made real to us a land and people, which heretofore was enveloped in the haze of fancy and imagination.

There are usually from six to ten men, or even more, in one boat. I remember of one of these boats coming quite near the great steamer, which swept majestically on as a thing of life and power, and as it approached us from the side, one of the fishermen picked up several fine fish which they had caught, and came forward to the bow of his boat laughing, waited a moment to get as near as possible, then tried with all his might to fling these fish on our steamer. He failed in the first instance, but succeeded in the second. We all enjoyed it very much, and ran to the aft of the steamer to see the fish, which was a fine Japanese mackerel, and which the Purser had prepared for Mrs. Gring, but which, by some mysterious circumstance, she did not get. However she was perfectly satisfied as to the Purser's kindness from a flying fish, he had prepared for her, which flew on board the steamer one evening, attracted by the light, four or five days before landing, which was a rare treat for her, as few are caught.

The hundreds of fishing boats, made in the rudest form, scattered over the water far and wide, filled with such curious people, who, with hook and line, were drawing the silvery fish from the dark blue waters of the ocean, made indeed, a very interesting and pretty picture. All that day there was no reading, which before usually made up the greater part of the day. The time was spent in watching the approaches to the harbor. We were sixty miles from Yokohama when we came in sight of land and the fishing boats.

Our voyage up the bay to where we cast anchor, will long be remembered. The beautiful green hills on either side crested with timber, the thatched huts on the beaches, and occasionally a small village nestled in the shadow of the graceful bluffs, the bay dotted with hundreds of small sailing boats, with here and there a merchant ship, or man-of-war plowing down the bay, made a most bewildering sight.

One need not have repeated contact with these people, to see and feel most deeply their utter spiritual destitution. You wonder that a people so old in history, so numerous, and possessing such a beautiful country, should be so feeble, so childlike, so simple in habit and disposition. This is one of the first characteristics that strikes one most forcibly. You wonder what has made and kept them so, and the answer comes back at once,—*the want of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.* Japan, though one of the oldest living nations, is yet in her babyhood; not only in respect to civilization, but in respect to that native strength of character and mind, which we find in Christian nations. But God is working in Japan, and I sincerely believe and pray, that to Him will be consecrated her wealth and glory not many generations hence.

Yours truly,

AMBROSE D. GRING.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The *New Holland Clarion* contains an interesting account of the harvest festivals held in the churches forming the New Holland charge, of which the Rev D. W. Gerhard is pastor. They took place on three successive Sundays. The first was held on the 27th of July. Rev. Dr T. G. Apple preached morning and evening in Heller's church, and Rev. W. T. Gerhard on the afternoon of the same day. The second service was held on the following Sunday in the New Holland church. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. A. Peters and on the afternoon of the same day, a sermon in the German language was preached at Vogansville by the Rev. S. Schweitzer, who was followed with a discourse in the English language, by the Rev. J. A. Peters. On the following Sunday, the third service was held in Zeltenreich's church. Services were held both in the morning and afternoon, which was something unusual in this church. Rev. J. S. Stahr preached on both occasions, the sermon in the afternoon partaking of a missionary character.

All these services were well attended, highly interesting, and well received by the people present. The churches were all tastefully and appropriately decorated, and the singing spirited, whilst the preaching was instructive and edifying. It is believed, that deep and lasting impressions were made, and much good accomplished by this series of services. Doubtless offerings to benevolence were received, as is usual on such occasions, though no reference is made to it in the account given of the services.

Rev. James I. Good, pastor of Heidelberg Reformed church, of this city, has returned from his tour of foreign travel, and occupied his pulpit, for the first time since his return, on Sunday evening. His congregation gave him quite a welcome reception.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The post-office address of the Rev. Dr. S. N. Callender has been changed from Pleasant Valley Depot, to Rockingham, Rockingham county, Va.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The post-office address of the Rev. Jacob Bollenbach has been changed to Belvidere, Franklin county, Tenn., and that of the Rev. C. Beck, from Goshen, Indiana, to Bellair, Ohio.

Rev. C. P. Wm. Stechow, of Beaver, Ohio, accepts of a call from Wheeling, W. Va.

Henry Knepper, who was once a minister in the Reformed Church, and whose case occupied so much of the attention in our Church courts some years ago, died at his residence in Orangeville, Illinois, on the 2d of August, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was deposed from the ministry by his Classis, because he had married another wife, whilst a previous one, who had been divorced from him, was still living. After his deposition, he connected himself with the United Brethren Church, in whose communion he died. F.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The North Branch District of East Susquehanna Classis will hold a S. S. Convention at Wapwallopen church, near Berwick, commencing Sept. 30th, at 7 P. M., and continue to Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st.

PROGRAMME.

1st session. The Relation of the Sunday School to the Congregation. Revs. A. Houtz and F. K. Levan.

2d session, Wednesday morning. The best Method to enlist the Congregation in the Sunday School. Revs. W. E. Krebs and E. D. Miller.

3d session. Qualifications for a Successful S. S. Teacher. Revs. W. C. Schaeffer and J. M. Clemens.

4th session. Sunday School Hymns and Music. Revs. J. M. Clemens and T. Derr.

Close with the Committee's Report on the result of the discussions.

All persons who expect to attend are requested to give Rev. T. Derr, Berwick, Pa., timely notice, that he may make provision for their entertainment. He will also tell them by card how to come and what trains.

G. B. DECHANT,
Catawissa, Pa. Chairman.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., will be resumed on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Seminary and College commence on the same day; the opening address to be delivered by Prof. John B. Kieffer.

E. V. GERHART, *Pres't of Faculty.*

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, LANCASTER, PA.

The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 4th. Tuition, $39 per annum. Board, including Furnished Room, Fuel and Light, $3.25 per week. Terms in the Preparatory Department, $200 per annum.

For particulars address,

REV. T. G. APPLE, D. D.,
President.

Married.

On the evening of Aug. 6th, at 210 N. Carrollton Av., by Rev. M. L. Firor, Mr. William H. Bell to Miss Laura V. Dell, both of Baltimore city.

At the residence of the bride's parents, near Saxton, Bedford Co., Pa., Aug. 26th, 1879, by Rev. J. David Miller, Dr. Jeremiah K. Livingston, of near Martinsburg, Pa., to Miss Lydia S. Stoler, daughter of Daniel Stoler, Esq.

On the 28th ult., at the Centenary Reformed Church Parsonage, by the Rev. Chas. G. Fisher, Mr. Abraham Wingerter to Miss Nancy A. Adams, both of Frederick Co., Va.

On August 28, by Rev. C. H. Leinbach, D. D., assisted by Rev. J. C. Leinbach, Mr. William J. Jones, of Slatington, Lehigh Co., to Miss S. Alice Leinbach, daughter of the first named officiating minister.

The solemnities were held in the Tulpehocken church, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Rev. G. W. Aughnbaugh, D. D., occupied a seat in the chancel. A number of other ministers, relatives and friends, of the bride, were present. Neighbors and members of the congregation filled the spacious edifice. The assembly realized the impressiveness of the occasion. There was nothing wanting of the fitness, order and beauty which would characterize the nuptial ceremonies. A few hours after leaving the church, the bridal party started upon an extended tour westward, carrying with them the kind wishes of many friends.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Aug. 9th, in New Centreville, Som. Co., Pa., Aaron Miller, aged 57 years, and 17 days.

Mr. Miller was baptized by Rev. H. Giesy, and confirmed by Rev. S. K. Denius. During the last several years, his afflictions were heavy and grievous. He rests from his labors and pains.

DIED.—On the 23rd inst, in this city, Robert Bruce, son of Wm. D. and E. C. Bard, aged 18 months and 17 days. The remains were to be interred at Cedar Grove Cemetery, Chambersburg, Pa., Aug. 25.

DIED.—June 3rd, 1879, at the residence of her father, in Rockingham Co., Va., Miss Mary C. Wyant, in the 38th year of her age.

The deceased was an earnest and deeply pious member of the Reformed church at Mt. Crawford, Va. For her, attendance upon the public means of grace, which was regular and devout, was no mere pastime or result of habit, but invested with its deep religious significance. Her marked energy and force of will led her to the house of God, after failing strength would have constrained many another one to the quiet and rest of home. Her disease was that insidious enemy, consumption; against a very rapid progress of which, her will stoutly asserted itself to an unusual degree. But when at last hope and strength of will failed, she was permitted to rejoice in that dying grace which the Father vouchsafes His children. She died in peace, relying in faith upon Redeeming Grace, and the Church rejoices in the passage of another of her children "safe within the veil."

S. N. C.

Youth's Department.

IN HIS VINEYARD.

There is never a way so narrow or short,
But the Master's work is there;
There is something to do for His dear sake,
Or something to calmly bear.

There are trials to meet with Christian faith,
And duties with Christian grace;
And there's Christian sweetness to every one,
To be shown in every place.

Their working days are never so hard
Who find in Christ a stay;
And days of darkness are days of light,
When Jesus leads the way.

And the waiting days of those who hope
Are days of quietness;
And the praying days of those who trust
Are days of perfect peace.

There are flow'rets down in the valley low,
And over the mountain side,
Which were never praised by human voice
Nor by human eye descried.

Yet as sweet as the breath of the royal rose
Is the perfume they exhale;
And why they bloom, and where they bloom
The good Lord knoweth well.

THE BARON'S SON.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the groves of trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall simply call Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show him a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun traveling through the sky and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpot, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One"—

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she's a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, *is it necessary?*"

"No, of course, mamma, there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you can't speak well, speak not at all."
—*Good Words.*

THE ENGLISH CROWN DIAMONDS.

The English crown diamonds are valued at $8,500,000. They are in a thick iron chest, and are guarded by sentinels day and night. There is a diadem of eighty-six diamonds of various sizes, in the middle of which is the celebrated Koh-i-noor, alone valued at $320,000; also a collar of 108 diamonds, in the centre of which is an emerald, said to be the purest and most beautiful extant. A second diadem is a blending of diamonds and emeralds. In the centre is the large Kaudavassy diamond, valued at $600,000, which was formerly the eye of a one-eyed Hindoo deity, and has been but lately added to the collection.

THE STORY OF OBERLIN.

There lived in Germany many years ago a little boy named Frederick Oberlin. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him, for he was always doing kindnesses. A boy who would give all his pennies to help his father pay his bills, or run to help a poor woman pick up her overturned basket of eggs, and always take sides with the weaker party, was pretty sure to turn out a good man. So you will not be surprised to hear that Oberlin became a minister; and when the choice was laid before him of entering the army as chaplain, or becoming the pastor of a poor little cluster of villages high up in the mountains, he chose the latter, because the poor people of Ban de la Roche needed him most.

He found them living in rude huts, in five separate villages, with no roads between them, and no means of reaching the city on the opposite side of the river. He helped them to make good roads and pretty cottages, to plant gardens and fruit trees, and to build a bridge across the river to Strasburg. As years went by, the dreary mountain became a lovely hanging-garden, covered with grapevines, fruit-trees, and flowers. And the rude and ignorant people, listening to the preaching of their dear "Papa Oberlin," as they called him, attending his schools, and witnessing his beautiful Christian life, became, like him, polite, humble, and devoted Christians.

From far and near Christians came to visit Oberlin, and to see for themselves what religion could do in elevating a people. For it was because he was such a good Christian that he was able to do so good a work. He loved the Lord Jesus, and taught the children to love Him. Texts of Scripture were printed on the walls of their schools and houses. They were taught to love God's flowers—to seek them in woods and transplant them to their gardens, and to draw and paint them. The girls were taught to spin, and to weave ribbons; the boys learned trades. The little children were gathered into infant schools, and taught to be unselfish, generous, loving, and truthful; and to do this that they might please their Saviour. So they learned to love Him in early life.

One of these little girls came to Papa Oberlin's house and lived there. After his wife died she took care of his children and family, refusing to be paid for it, she loved him so much. If any young children were left orphans, there were always found enough good women to adopt and care for them, so there were no poor or outcasts in the place. For sixty years this good man lived among them, and when he grew too old to preach, he spent his time in praying for each of the children in his parish by name, keeping a register by him lest he should forget one. After his death his sons continued the good work he had begun, and the once miserable village of Ban de la Roche is now a beautiful and prosperous place, while the name of Oberlin is beloved and honored throughout the world.—*Child's Paper.*

A BOY'S LEISURE HOURS.

What a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercise; it is a gymnasium to him, he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day, or scientific books, in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters very little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, all disappear if he uses his spare time on them.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that little desk, became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time; he found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and, finally, mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil, my lady." "What, do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loving minister in Scotland.

A boy was hired to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found in the road; having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister, Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

All these show that, in this country any one can learn that wants to. If he is at work, he still has three hours he can call his own. Let him use those wisely, and he can fill his mind with stores of knowledge.

A YOUNG HERO.

Nearly thirty years ago a boy, who had given his heart to Christ, joined the church and partook of the Lord's Supper with the older people.

The next day he went to school, and at recess some of those boys, who carry the blood of Cain in them, formed a ring, and cried out:

"Oh, here is a boy Christian!"

What did this boy do? Get mad, kick, strike, or say angry words. Not at all: he quietly looked the mocking boys in the face and said:

"Yes, boys; I am trying to be a Christian boy. Isn't that right?"

His tempters knew that he was right and felt ashamed. They broke up the persecuting ring and went to play with the brave young Christian. I call him brave because there are many men who could easier storm a battery than stand to be mocked by the enemies of Jesus as meekly as that little boy did.

Where is that young hero of thirty years ago to-day? He is a president of a college and preacher of the gospel.—*Sel.*

BABY PRIMROSE.

Primrose, Baby Primrose, by the water's brink,
Bending low your dainty head to sip a tiny drink;
Dearest little daughter of the earth and sky—
Look up, Baby Primrose! don't pretend you're shy.

When the soft wind teases, havn't I seen you
Drop your golden curls and pout, as little girls will do?
When it blows your yellow hair and tries to steal a kiss,
Don't you flout and squirm about? I guess I've seen all this.

When the gleaming sunbeam comes to play a while,
You forget your crossness, glance at him and smile.
Though he tries to kiss you, not a bit you mind;
Then the sunbeam always is so warm and kind.

The water whispers to you; listen to his song.
He's singing, "Little Primrose, I have loved you long.
Though the wind may tease you, and the sunbeam kiss,
I love you, Baby Primrose, pray remember this."

Primrose, little Primrose, by the water's brink,
Lower bends her pretty head, to listen, not to drink.
Look up, oh, Baby Primrose! I've a word to say to you;
You spoilt, but precious darling, I'm sure I love you too.

—*Churchman.*

AMONG THE JAPS.

On Monday for us, but Sabbath for you, as your time is behind ours now, we landed at Yokohama, Japan. What shall I tell you of the wonders of Japan? The wild, half-dressed Japs in countless throngs gathered in their fishing boats around our vessel as soon as we anchored, each clamoring and fighting to reach the side of the ship and take passengers ashore. We anchored about twelve o'clock, and after our lunch, or "tiffin," as they call that meal in the Eastern countries, Mr. Wilson took us ashore to see and be seen. You may have heard that in Japan they have no mules and very few horses, so instead they use the natives to draw their carriages. These little carriages are about three times the size of a baby buggy, with two wheels, one on either side, a covered top, capable of being thrown back when the weather permits, and shafts in front, in which a half-dressed native stands to draw. They are called Jin-ri-ki-shai. As a general thing they seat but one person, sometimes two; however, these two men pull in the tandem style. Well, as soon as we reached shore we were besieged by the men, and we each one mounted a buggy, formed into procession and went bowling down the principal streets of Yokohama. The men go in a sort of dog trot, which is much faster than the ordinary trot of an ordinary horse. The motion is delightful. The streets are beautifully clean, and every one uses them as sidewalks. The houses of the natives are all small and densely packed together, though their Government buildings are much as ours, and the houses of the Europeans or foreigners, as all are called who are not natives, are beautiful. You would be amused at their dress, especially that of the women. Some of the men go almost naked, compromising by a cloth around the loins. All wear straw sandals, covering only the bottom of the feet and fastened on by a string passing through the space formed by stretching the big toe and the one next in size. Some wear coats made to resemble somewhat an American gentleman's dressing gown, left open all the way down and exposing almost all of their persons. The hair of the men is short and black. No hats are worn in Japan by either sex. But the women are more elaborately gotten up. To begin at their heads, their hair is simply horrid. It is saturated with oil, and then puffed in all shapes and ornamented with brass balls on the end of long pins, stuck in the sides of the head. Their dress is about a yard and a half square of goods. Some finer than others, folded about the person from the waist downward and crossing in front, with not a gather either back or front, and you may imagine how ungraceful it would be. To keep this from flying open, they bend their bodies just a little forward as they walk. The rest of the body by many is covered by a piece of cloth folded Martha Washington style across the chest, but always low in the neck. A Japanese woman's foot with her shoe on is remarkable. A piece of wood lies against the bottom of the foot, about half way to the heel, raised about two inches from the ground by pieces running crossways of the foot. This is fastened on by a string running between the toes, as are the sandals. As they walk the shoe clings to the toes, but falls from the back part of the foot, which makes a peculiar clatter which you can hear at all times. One peculiarity about Japanese women and girls is that every one has a baby, and they keep it strapped to their backs in true Indian style. They marry early, and I met girls of twelve and thirteen almost bent to the earth by a big baby suspended to their backs.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If you follow the Lord, and keep His company, He will always bear your expenses; if you run before Him, or go alone, He may leave you to bear your own.

Pleasantries.

A Boston wife slyly attached a pedometer to her husband, when after supper he started to go down "to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

A Bridgeport cat was in the cellar one day, and, seeing a crab, went up to examine it. A moment later the cat was helping the crab up-stairs at the rate of a mile a minute. To a crab such a rate of speed must have appeared something unusual.

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered: "It is elixir asthmatic. It is very aromatic and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

An old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church, not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much further in that direction."

The White Mountain hotels are full of Massachusetts schoolma'ams who act as waiters. When one of them looks at a guest through her glasses and asks him if he will have another plate of hash in six languages, he is nearly paralyzed, and doesn't recover his appetite for two days.

During an election in a certain locality a temperance candidate called upon a rum-seller and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the Evil One himself than for you," was the savage response. "Yes, I know," said the candidate; "but in case *your friend* should not be nominated, might I *then* count on your assistance?"

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 14, LESSON 37. 1879.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis xii. 1-9.

THE CALLING OF ABRAM.

1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee:
2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing:
3. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.
4. So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram *was* seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.
5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.
6. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite *was* then in the land.
7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.
8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Beth-el, and pitched his tent, *having* Beth-el on the west, and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.
9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

NOTES.—After the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of the people, the true religion of that day was in danger of being lost entirely. God took care, however, to preserve it by means of one family, in one direct line down to Jesus Christ. The father of this pious branch of the human race was Abram, the founder of the Hebrew nation, or Jews, from whom our Lord came. He was of Shem's posterity—the ninth descendant, and the son of Terah, of the city of Ur, in Chaldæa, (chap. xi. 26, 27). God marked him out as the champion of the faith in the true religion, about 325 years after the destruction of the tower of Babel. He was in his 76th year when he was called to this great mission. On *two* occasions his work was assigned him. His *first* call is preserved for us in the New Testament, (Acts vii. 2-4). This was a general information given him whilst he yet lived in his native town in Mesopotamia, or Chaldæa. His *second* and special call he received, when already on his journey, and resting at Haran, (chap. xi. 31, 32). Here his father died. Thence he continued his course, under a divine impulse, though not knowing whither he went, (Heb. xi. 8) towards the land of Canaan. He came to Sechem and pitched his tent beneath the terebinth tree Moreh Here he received a further revelation from Jehovah, in a vision, where he built an altar in memory of the divine appearance. The next halting-place was Bethel, where he built another altar. Finding a famine in the land he turned towards the rich corn-fields of Egypt. But we must not run ahead of the lesson too far.

VERSE 1. *Abram.* This name means a *high* or *exalted father*, whilst *Abraham*, as he was later called, (chap. xvii. 5) signifies, *the father of a great multitude.*

Get thee out of thy country. From Ur, in Mesopotamia, in the country of Chaldæa *And from thy kindred.* His brothers were Nahor and Haran. The whole family of Terah seems to have gone as far as to the place called Haran, where Terah died and the brother Haran. Here Nahor stayed, and Abram with Sarai his wife, and Lot his nephew, moved on. His leaving all back is expressed by *thy father's house. Unto a land that I will show thee.* This was Canaan; but it had not been told him plainly yet. (See Is. xli. 2, and Heb. xi. 8-10.

VERSE 2. *I will make thee a great nation* The founder of the Hebrews or Jewish people. *And make thy name great.* This alludes to the change of name, from *Abram* to *Abraham* —*a great father*, and *a father of many*, as well as its meaning.

VERSE 3. *And in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.* This is the second great and direct promise of the *Messiah.* In Abram's seed, that is in Christ, the gospel was to be preached throughout the world, and innumerable blessings be conferred upon mankind.

VERSE 4. *So Abram departed.* It was a great trial of faith for a man, who had lived with his own kindred for seventy-five years, to bid adieu—and not know, either, whither he was going. He simply knew that *the Lord had spoken.* Only *Lot*, his deceased brother's son, *went with him.*

VERSE 5. *And all their substance . . . . and the souls that they had gotten in Haran.* This means their families and servants. *And they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came* But not as easy done as said. This was a country, called *Canaan* or "Low-land," because it lay between the Jordan and the Dead Sea, on the one side, and the Mediterranean on the other. A bad people dwelt in it, who had to be driven out, for their iniquities, (Lev. xviii. 25). This country was made a type of the kingdom of God. As Abram left his own country, his kindred and his father's house, at God's command, nor ceased his journey until he entered it; so must all men leave the world, its people, and its vanity, in setting out for God's kingdom, nor cease to follow His command before the race is finished, (Matt. x. 36-38; Luke xiv. 33).

VERSE 6. *Sichem*, or *Sechem* Here the town of *Neapolis* now stands, in Samaria. Here he first halted and pitched his tent, beyond Jordan, before he came to Bethel and Hebron. For more of it, see chap. xxxiii. 19; l. 25, 26; Ex. xiii. 19; John iv. 12; Acts vii. 16. *Moreh.* This means—*A Teacher.* The word *plain* here is *oak tree.* The famous OAK (or Terebinth) OF ABRAHAM has been photographed. It is a majestic, venerable tree, two miles from Hebron. It measures thirty-two feet in circumference. A stone wall surrounds it. (See also chaps. xviii. 1-8 and xxiii. 33). It is old, at least 3,800 years.

VERSE 8. *Bethel.* This means *the house of God.* It was called *Luz* before, (chap. xxviii. 19). Where he pitched his tent he also built an altar, it seems. *And called upon the name of the Lord.* This reads properly—*he invoked in the name of Jehovah.* No doubt Abram received special revelations here again. Perhaps he was taught the great lesson of approaching God through a Mediator. It may be that our Lord refers to this fact, when He said "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad," (John viii. 56).

VERSE 9. And now the faithful pilgrim moves onward towards Canaan. An interesting episode occurs now in the history of the man, in consequence of the famine raging in the land, (ver. 10). This is the first record of a famine. He turns into Egypt, even as his great-grandson was subsequently sold into Egypt, as his posterity was delivered from Egypt, and as our Lord Himself was carried into and called out of Egypt. It is not likely, however, that his stay in this country was a long one. He left Egypt with great possessions, and accompanied by his nephew Lot, he returned to his former encampment, Bethel, (chap. xiii. 3).

PRACTICAL REMARKS.—1. God may be said to have begun the new spiritual race in Abraham. 2. God's call to Abraham was a direct act of heaven to maintain an unbroken line from which our Lord was to be born. 3. Abraham's faith and obedience entitle him to the honorable position of "Father of the Faithful," (Rom. iv. 11). 4. If we would be worthy children of Abraham, we must implicitly believe God, and obey His commands.

A LINE DRAWN.

As for all those theories which tell the sinner that if he dies in his sins he shall have another opportunity; which forget the grandeur and awfulness of God's *moral government;* which undertake to know more than Christ dared to teach about the Father's tenderness; which insist that the divine justice exhausts itself in merely reformatory discipline, and which tends to exclude from legislation, as well as from theology, the very idea of punishment—I have no fellowship with them, and if I had a pulpit, no preacher of those theories should stand in it with my consent. Behold! now is the accepted time, and now or never is the deep undertone of the gospel in its call to repentance and its offer of salvation.—*Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D.*

THE GOSPEL TRUTH.

Among the favorite methods of depreciating the plenary inspiration of Scripture now common is that of magnifying the authority of Christ's personal teaching above that of His apostles. "I take Jesus' own words as my guide," some are saying, "and not His doctrine as expounded by Paul or Peter or John." The assumption is especially dangerous from the fact that it is so specious. It seems to exalt Christ by giving Him a solitary eminence as a teacher. Such eminence is truly His. But He Himself has fixed the authority of His apostles as teachers of divine truth; and we cannot lower their authority without directly denying Christ's own words. He expressly declared that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, whom He would send forth into the world after His departure, His apostles should be led farther into the knowledge and utterance of the truth than under His earthly teaching. To His disciples He said, "I have yet many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of truth is come, *He will guide you into all truth.*" With this saying before him, who can say that the teachings of the inspired apostles after the ascension were less authoritative than those of Christ? Who will presume to declare that they might not go farther than the Master had done in the unfolding of gospel truth? Surely it is impossible to magnify Christ's authority while denying His teaching in regard to the development of doctrine under His apostles.—*Presbyterian.*

THE FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS.

The difference between faith and credulity is, that faith believes evidence, and credulity believes where there is no evidence at all. Our Christian faith rests on overwhelming evidence. The great facts of Jesus' life are fully established. No one for centuries has thought of disputing them—of denying that He healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils, restored sight; and the charge made by His contemporaries was not that He did not do these things, but that He did them by the help of Satan. More convincing evidence is given of the great love of God for us, especially as displayed in the incarnation, suffering, and death of the Lord Jesus, than of any other fact in the history of the world. We accept this evidence, and our intellectual faith leads to our heart faith, our personal experience, where we know of the doctrine because we wish to do the will of God. This is the faith which Christ wishes to see strengthened in His people. When His disciples could not expel the demon from the boy brought to them, they asked Him, "Why could not we cast them out?" and He answered that their faith was in fault. He had given them permission and authority and power to do the work, but their unbelief weakened their hands and prevented them from accomplishing anything. "This kind," He added, "goeth not out but by fasting and prayer." Many have stumbled over these words, and yet their meaning is plain. Prayer, as a mere repetition of words, is nothing; fasting, as a mere abstinence from food, is nothing. Each thus regarded has to do with the external life only. Real prayer is everything that brings us nearer to God, is everything that brings us into closer communion with our Redeemer; and fasting is everything that keeps us away from the sensuous world. Now, when a Christian's life is marked by these features, which are the complements of each other—when he lives close to God and far from the world, then his faith is strong, and he works miracles daily, and is conscious of it. I do not mean miracles in the eyes of the world, or miracles in outward form, but I mean real miracles, nevertheless. The man moves mountains, and he knows it. Why do not we all have this faith? A Christian lady once asked me, "How is it that I do not enjoy my religion more? Why am I so depressed and cast down?" My reply was, "I can soon tell you. You have taken the helmet of hope and the breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, and have locked them up some place—I don't know where, but I do know that you have not put on the glorious panoply God gave you, and now you wonder that you do not feel the safety His armor secures. I can tell you of your past life for months. Your chosen companions have not been Christ's loved ones, but those who reject or neglect Him; your chosen books have not had a word of gospel in them; your prayers have been a form; your Bible reading a sly peep now and then, because it was your duty. And now, having turned away from your God and Saviour, you are surprised that you have none of the joys of Christianity. I should be surprised if you had." It is our want of faith that prevents our comfort, and prevents our miracle-working—our want of a faith that rests upon fasting and prayer, upon a withdrawal from a false, vain world, and upon our union with God. We are in fault—not God. He has promised it to all His people. Let us put forth our hands and take it, and become miracle-workers all our lifelong.—*Dr. Howard Crosby in Christian Union.*

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General News.

HOME.

The Dunkards have founded a college at Ashland, Ohio. The endowment fund already amounts to $180,000. The building will cost $100,000.

William H. Vanderbilt has just given $100,000 for the erection of a gymnasium and of a civil engineering and scientific hall on the grounds of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., erected and endowed so liberally by his father.

The members of the Park Street Baptist Church of Providence, R. I., were greatly surprised lately to hear that their church had been sold at auction for $130. It seems there was a mortgage on the building of about $12,000. The church for a year or two has not been able to pay the interest on it, which led to a sudden foreclosure of the mortgage. The advertisement was printed obscurely, and none of the members knew anything about the intended sale. The church now holds religious services in a hall.

New York city has not so many churches as some suppose. The whole list foots up only 375, belonging to the following denominations:—Protestant Episcopal, 73; Catholic, 54; Methodist Episcopal, 50; Presbyterian, 41; Baptist, 31; Jews, 25; Lutheran, 21; Dutch Reformed, 20; African Methodist Episcopal, 9; United Presbyterian, 7; Congregational, 6; Reformed Presbyterian, 5; Universalist, 5; Unitarian, 4; Friends, 3; Miscellaneous, 21. Among the last, one True Dutch Reformed, one Swedenborgian, and one Greek Catholic.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., August 31.—Twenty new cases of fever, seven white and thirteen colored, were reported to the Board of Health to-day. Among the number are W. G. Bertin, Mrs. Mary L. Craffey and Walter R Lucas. Five deaths have been reported: J. W. Pimm, Nellie Fazzi and three negroes. A telegram from Germantown, Tenn., announces that Julian Bedford is down with the fever at Bailey Station. It will remembered that his son Edward died with the fever about two weeks ago. The Howards have sent a nurse and physicians to that point. The weather is sultry and warm.

FOREIGN.

THERE are 13,900 cabmen in London, among whom are ex-lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, and one lord. The cab fares amount to $20,000,000 yearly.

THE established Presbytery of Glasgow has passed a resolution—28 votes to 19—to the effect that in the present state of society it is desirable "for necessity and mercy's sake," that public carriages should run on Snuday.

Pope Leo. XIII. announces that he has decided not to suspend the rule which prescribes that a person cannot be pronounced "blessed" until fifty years after his death, in favor of the beatification of Pius IX.

The property of Pius IX. is being sold at the Vatican. Every thing, from superb jewelled crucifixes to empty bottles, is offered at the sale, which is semi-public. Every article is priced very low.

VIENNA, August 31.—It is now stated that the appointment of Baron Haymerle to suceed Count Andrassy is not so definitely settled as has been generally supposed. He manifests some reluctance to permit Count Andrassy to propose him to the Emperor because he lacks parliamentary experience.

THE American Board has lost ten missionaries by death during this year, eighteen others retired from its service on account of ill health, eighteen returned to the United States—for rest, nineteen new names have been added to the missionary roll, and twenty-one veterans have returned to their respective fields, having recruited their health here.

LONDON, September 1.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Standard* asserts that authoritative advices have been received from Rome to the effect that the negotiations between Germany and the Vatican will not be concluded until propositions are made by the Vatican of a very different nature from those now pending.

The *Standard's* Rome dispatch says the Pope has received a memorandum from a well-known personage in Germany asserting that Prince Bismarck is not conceding anything to the needs of the Church, but is yielding to a momentary political necessity.

Farm and Garden.

CHICKENS IN ORCHARDS.—The *Germantown Telegraph* says: It is asserted, and we have no doubt that it is true, that the keeping of fowls in an apple orchard has a strong influence in securing a good crop of fruit, and, as a consequence, tends to give health and vigor to the trees. The insects of various kinds—indeed multitudinous in number—have more to do with weakening the trees and emasculating the fruit than many have the least idea of. Just think of the havoc the little red spider produces upon stalwart evergreens as well as the plants in the greenhouse, and some estimate made of the effects of the many insects that infest the apple tree and its fruit. All these insects more or less inhabit the ground and hence in all stages they are subjected to the searching eye of the fowl, and are thus destroyed before they are capable of attacking the tree. The droppings of the fowl, too, have a most enriching effect upon the land, and can do no injury by its peculiar strength, from the fact that it is scattered so thinly over it.

KEEPING WINTER VEGETABLES.—After the farmer has raised a good supply of vegetables he often fails to realize the full benefit of his labor from a lack of knowledge how to keep them. This especially is the case with squashes and that class of vegetables which require to be kept comparatively warm and dry. It is quite usual for him to put them in a pile in the cellar and then wonder that they rot. Squashes, pumpkins, and all that class of vegetables require, first, an absence of light; second, a dry temperature, not exceeding fifty five to sixty degrees; and thirdly, to be so placed that one does not come in contact with another. We have always had success in keeping them well into spring, by placing them in a cool, dry chamber, until freezing occurs, and then removing them to a closet for safe-keeping over winter. Thus the Hubbard and other hard shell varieties may be kept until May and even June. For use until February they will keep tolerably well in a dry cellar placed on shelves. Boston Marrow is the first to decay. The Turban—to our mind one, of the best of the winter varieties, especially for baking—will often keep in the cellar until March. Those only intended for use later need to be treated to the dry, cool closet. It will pay, for at the latter part of winter and early spring there is a dearth of vegetable food on the farm that makes such articles specially valuable.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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GRAIN.	Wheat, White	1.10@1.10½
	" Red	1.08@1.09
	Rye	55@60½
	Corn, Yellow	48½@49
	" White	42@43
	Oats	34@35
	Barley two rowed	60@65
	Barley Malt, two rowed	80@90
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	6⅝@6⅞
	" Refined cut loaf	9@9½
	" " crushed	8⅞@9⅛
	" " powdered	8⅝@9
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	" " A	8¼@8⅝
	Coffee, Rio, gold	14½@16
	" Maracaibo, gold	13@20
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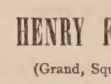
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Sunday Express	8 a m
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Accommodation daily, except Sunday	7 a m
Express daily, except Sunday	7 a m
Accommodation daily, except Sunday	3.50 p m
Accommodation, Sundays only	4.30 p m
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For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Ocean Beach, *7.45, *10.00; 11.30 A. M., and *3.30 P. M.
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On Sunday—For New York, Hopewell, Pennington, 9 A. M., 5.30 P. M., and 12 night.
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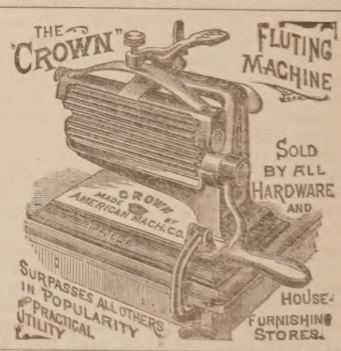
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